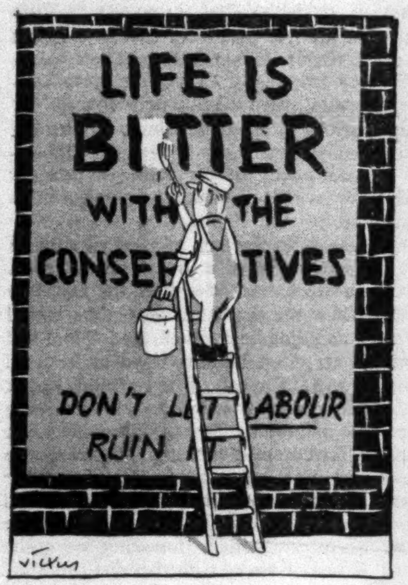
New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LXII · No. 1585 FRIDAY · 28 JULY 1961 NINEPENCE



★

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
Labour and the
Common Market

★

Albert Finney:
Profile & Vicky drawing

★

KINGSLEY MARTIN
India's Leap
from Feudalism

★

PAUL JOHNSON
No Sex for Johnnie

★

JOHN COLEMAN
Mermaid Poets

Negotiation, Not War

For the third time this month the NEW STATESMAN warns its readers of the growing danger of war over Berlin. We make no apology. We shall do so again and again until public opinion forces the governments of the West to act upon the essential truth that the Berlin problem must – and can – be solved by negotiation, not war.

The best that can be said about President Kennedy's address to the American people last Tuesday is that most of the sabre-rattling was reserved for those parts of his speech which did not specifically concern Berlin. Where the President spoke in detail about Berlin, his words (as far as they went) did not in themselves close any doors. He did make a conventional and unspecific reference – as the western notes to Moscow had already done – to his willingness to negotiate; and he did recognise the validity of Soviet anxiety about Germany. Everything now depends on Mr Krushchev's next step. He can reply by a further bid in the suicidal escalation of arms, threats and bluffs. Or he can, as we hope he will, test the value of western offers to negotiate by proposing the time and place for a conference.

What he will find if he does so is still far from clear. For no leading western statesman has indicated what the West is prepared to negotiate about. Indeed, if one may judge by public utterances – not excluding several passages in Mr Kennedy's speech – the signs are still that, despite conventional bromides about negotiation, public opinion in the West is being conditioned (as Bertrand Russell so cogently put it last week-end) into a 'general state of mind in which the public will acquiesce in a large-scale nuclear war'.

The danger is not, of course, that western leaders are seeking war: they are clearly trying to avoid it. But they do not yet seem to recognise the real nature of the Berlin crisis. President Kennedy reasonably recalls the legitimacy and importance of western rights and responsibilities in West Berlin. But Mr Krushchev's decision to sign a separate peace treaty with the East Germans does not directly challenge these. And when Mr Kennedy goes on to say 'any dangerous spot is tenable if brave men will make it so,' he falls exactly into the rhetoric of dangerous folly. Does he really envisage no change in the Berlin situation indefinitely? Crisis after crisis, bluff after bluff, the two giants teetering for ever on the brink? If the sore of Berlin is allowed to fester in that way, the West will sooner or later be presented with the inescapable choice of initiating nuclear war or accepting abject surrender. Which of these two would then be Mr Kennedy's choice?

The truth is that the Berlin problem cannot be solved in its present context. The tension arises not fundamentally from the accident of geography which places West Berlin 110 miles behind the Communist lines, but from the insecurity and economic vulnerability of East Germany. The Russians will in no circumstances contemplate a German solution which would incorporate East Germany in the western camp and present them once again with their most dreaded nightmare of a united, *revanchiste*, capitalist Germany.

Since the West, with equal reason, will not consider the Communist take-over of the Federal Republic, the only way in which the context of Berlin can be changed is by recognising that the division of Germany is permanent. As soon as the western powers indicate that they are prepared to recognise the East German state and to acknowledge its present frontiers, including the Oder-Neisse line, the whole German problem in our view becomes soluble. Paradoxically, the most hopeful way in the long run of honouring our obligation to the people of West Berlin would be to seek means of stabilising, and not threatening, the tottering state of East Germany. Once the Russians are convinced that the 'German danger' no longer threatens them, the Berlin problem will be reduced to dimensions which patient diplomacy and the passage of time can settle without risk of war.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Shooting the Pianist

ANTHONY HOWARD

One knows, of course, about the Institute of Directors, the National Association of Manufacturers, not to mention the rest of the country – but why has Mr Selwyn Lloyd so disappointed his Tory colleagues? On Tuesday afternoon when he made his original announcement, he was heard in gloomy silence; on Tuesday evening by any account he scarcely brought the 1922 Committee to its feet; and on Wednesday – when he appeared almost to have given up trying – the Tory benches seemed as astounded as anyone else when he sat down after a perfunctory 20 minutes. Perhaps the truth was that the bulk of Conservative MPs had believed all along that somehow a kindly light (if only one that beckoned sternly to duty and patriotism) would lead us all out of the encircling gloom. And when it failed to shine, they abandoned themselves to recrimination.

Mr Selwyn Lloyd, of course, has made it easy for his critics to cast him as the whipping-boy. It seemed to be as much as he could do on Wednesday afternoon to raise a tired smile whilst the Prime Minister was nudging him in glee at Mr Wilson's suggestion that, as the Chancellor had lost his way, he had better, in accordance with the War Minister's instructions to the troops in Kuwait, return to his unit: the joke – which in Mr Macmillan's mind seemed to centre on the fact that Mr Wilson has not served in any unit – appeared to be much funnier to the Prime Minister than the Chancellor. But then no one can have put up a braver performance than has Mr Macmillan this week – not at least since Mistinguette made her last appearance on the Paris stage.

Probably in fact one of the main strands in the Tory criticisms of the Chancellor is that he has entirely failed to bring off what he had to do with any style or *panache*. Instead of emerging – as had been hoped – as an Iron Chancellor, Mr Selwyn Lloyd has turned out to be a wooden one; and as the image looks as if it will almost certainly affect his own prospects, the Tory back-bencher finds it hard to forgive. The former Foreign Secretary has before now been the beneficiary of waves of speculation as to his future – and perhaps it is wise to do no more than to record that a mood of disenchantment as to his aptitudes and abilities has once more set in. But it would certainly come as a welcome development to at least some Tory back-benchers if before the next election Mr Iain Macleod's worst dreams were to come true, and he were to find himself – as he so nearly did in January 1958 – appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Yet for the moment the pieces are clearly for Mr Macmillan to pick up. No sooner had the Chancellor sat down on Tuesday (and been a little too obviously patted on the shoulder by Mr Macmillan) than all thoughts at Westminster began to turn to the Prime Minister's own long-promised statement on Monday. The only thing, it was fairly widely agreed, that could make any sort of sense out of the restrictive and deflationary proposals of this week would be a firm announcement on Monday of an intention to rush forward into the Common Market. But it is doubtful if Mr Macmillan can afford to make it. In private recently the Prime Minister has been re-living Greek history: Athens has been at war with Sparta – and Philip of Macedon has been waiting hungrily to come down like a wolf on the fold and destroy all the city-states. But sadly this evocative vision has not yet communicated itself to the faithful; and on Monday the Prime Minister will almost certainly have to resist the great historic gestures that he loves so much and content himself with a modest committing of the government to the opening of discussions.

Strangely this will suit the government's Conservative opponents on this issue very well. It is easy to dismiss the Tory anti-marketeers as nothing but the old Suez Group in a new uniform. The facts, however, appear otherwise. For the past few weeks a group of 35-40 Conservative MPs (including five PPSs) have been meeting regularly in the House of Commons. The driving force behind the enterprise has been Mr Peter Walker who, although elected for Worcester at a by-election only last March, has a distinguished record in the Young Conservative movement.

No one seems to be quite clear what Mr Walker's group has been up to – but it is known to have had working alongside it a group of economists and industrialists in the city. Tremendous calculations have apparently been made on 'the projection of Commonwealth markets' in ten years' time – and anyone prepared to do serious research has been at a premium. The object, in fact, appears to have been to produce an economically viable and (perhaps more important) an emotionally appealing alternative to the Common Market solution.

The division lobbies on Thursday night are unlikely, however, to see any real test of Conservative tensions on the issue. The bulk of those with reservations about the government's suspected plans see next week's two day debate as some form of a trap – which they would walk into by giving the impression of being totally intransigent. There may certainly be the odd aspiring hero, anxious to notch up his battle honours from the beginning; and we may yet witness the touching vision of Lord Hinchingbrooke walking out of the chamber arm-in-arm with Mr Michael Foot, and Mr Anthony Fell conversing merrily with Mr Sydney Silverman as the names are given to the division clerks.

But for the most part the Tory anti-marketeers recognise that, in so far as their position is not yet prepared, the time is not ripe for a major demonstration. Their weaknesses they are ready to explain very candidly. The first, with all due deference to Mr Robin Turton, is that they have no leader, and the second is that, so long as the Opposition has no policy of its own, any dagger which they wield is bound to look like a rubber one.

The question of the lack of a rallying figure has throughout been a very serious one. Scarcely a week has passed in the last two months when the word has not gone round that all was going to be well, and that Lord Boyd (or Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd as he used to be known to most of us) would 'speak out'. That prospect succeeded in alarming even some members of the government – but it has so far come to nothing. The man who refused the Foreign Secretaryship from Mr Macmillan has kept his own counsel – and indeed the latest word is that, only when the Prime Minister's pen is hovering over the actual Rome Treaty, will the chairman of Guinness reward his expectant admirers with a phrase or two of regret for what might have been.

The second difficulty – the Tory rebels' lack of any bargaining power – promises, however, to be solved sooner. For the third development of the week has, of course been the publication of the resolutions for the Labour Party conference. And perhaps more significant than the great increase in loyalist defence motions (and indeed their suspiciously similar choice of language) are the 32 that appear on the Common Market. Of these only two favour the Labour Party giving support to any British entry; and 15 are flatly against the Labour Party having anything to do with what by turns is referred to as 'the interests of monopoly capitalism', 'the dictation of big business' and (much the most threatening of the lot) 'this danger to the Commonwealth'.

Now that party warfare has been firmly declared, it seems inevitable that the prevailing climate will affect all of Labour's decisions. And here it should be noticed that long before this week the voices in the constituencies were already in full cry. In the Labour Party's conference resolutions, the speculators and the profiteers are ruthlessly indicted; with only two exceptions (so much for the original aims of the Campaign for Democratic Socialism) the defence of public ownership is firm and uncompromising, and time and again the National Executive is reminded of the opportunities that it must not let slip. The one policy, it seems, that this year's Labour Party conference will not accept is one of allowing the government to endure undisturbed the embarrassment of its own errors.

The Long Seduction. John Mander .. 109
The Moment of Truth. R. H. S. Crossman MP 110
London Diary. Charon 112
India's Leap from Feudalism. Kingsley Martin 114
Albert the First. 116
Correspondence. Robin Blackburn, Robert McKenzie, Fredric Warburg, Ian Parsons, A. J. P. Taylor, Lord Boothby, Tom Driberg MP and others 118
Books in General: No Sex for Johnnie. Paul Johnson 120
Reviews. Hugh Trevor-Roper, Tom Driberg, John Morgan, J. A. C. Brown, Reyner Banham, V. S. Naipaul, James Cameron, Naomi Lewis 121
Arts and Entertainment. John Coleman, Roger Gellert, Jonathan Miller, David Drew, Annabel Farjeon 129
Week-end Competitions 132
City Lights. Taurus 134
Science Notebook. Nigel Calder .. 135

© *The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd 1961*

NEXT WEEK

The Wodehouse Affair

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Report from East Germany

JOHN MANDER

Critic's London Diary

Comments on the Week's News

The Budget

What Caused the Crisis?

The Chancellor's emergency measures are irrelevant to the main problem of the British economy. We are unable to compete effectively in world markets, or to maintain the increases in output and productivity which would prevent recurrent trouble with the balance of payments, because industry has stagnated while the affluent society has permitted imports to soar. This is the ultimate price Britain is paying for setting the people free in 1951. Moreover, the new taxes and the increase in Bank rate – coming on the heels of the Budget's concession of £83m to surtax payers and higher health and national insurance charges – will greatly increase social inequality, and make it virtually impossible to restrain the trade unions from making wage demands to offset the rise in living costs. Both points are so obvious that, for once, almost the whole national press has joined the Labour Party in attacking the Chancellor. After all the stern hints that at last the government intended to take drastic action to restore the economy, Mr Lloyd has fallen back on essentially the same devices that Mr Thorneycroft used four years ago to create a recession.

It was clear at the time of the spring Budget that Mr Lloyd's primary concern was to defend the pound. Since he then did nothing to stimulate the economy – an increase in capital allowances would have done something to encourage the investment on which larger and more efficient output depends – it was plain that he had opted for the alternative policy of deflation. The only question that remained open was how much purchasing power would have to be cut this year if the pound was to be protected. Naturally the government did not wish, for political reasons, to engineer another depression if that could be avoided, but it had undoubtedly made up its mind that a sharp increase in unemployment was in every way preferable to devaluation.

It has now been forced to make that choice. Dear money and heavy pressure on the banks are clumsy and undiscriminating instruments of economic policy: export industries, indeed, may suffer more than bowling alleys and record players. A cutback in investment must therefore be reinforced by economies in the public sector – always the first to suffer in bad times or to benefit in a boom – and by cutting purchasing power. That is why Mr Lloyd is trying to take £250m in taxes on consumption. He calculates, possibly on the basis of Professor Paish's extraordinary graphs, that this will be enough to check imports and create some slack in the economy. And he assumes, probably wrongly, that an increase of one or two per cent in unemployment will be a sufficient deterrent to trade union demands.

The social implications of this policy are shocking. A government that puts 'incentives' to surtax payers before decent pay to its teachers, or gives millions more to money speculators at the cost of imposing a crippling interest burden on public authorities, cannot use the word sacrifice without blatant hypocrisy. But its economic implications cannot be explained solely in terms of an urgent need to defend the pound. They are, in fact, directly related to Mr Macmillan's plan to take Britain into the Common Market. After years of stagnation the British economy has become steadily less able to compete with European industry. So if a Tory government is to take Britain into Europe, it must bring British costs into line with Europe by one of two means – devaluation or deflation. The first is ruled out, at least for the present, as a desperate measure. Thus the government is left with the second. Mr Lloyd, in fact, is preparing the way for Mr Macmillan's collapse into Europe.

Tunisia

Massacre of the Moderates

The massacre of over 1,000 Tunisians, most of them unarmed civilians, by French paratroops and aircraft, is a defeat for the moderates all over Africa. Since the middle Fifties, President Bourguiba has personified the forces of reason in the continent. He has consistently refused to use force, and has tried hard to show not only his own people but the FLN and other nationalist movements, that it pays to negotiate. His policy is now in ruins. For three years, despite rising criticism at home and in Cairo, he had insisted that the French could be persuaded to leave Bizerta without using violence, and had employed every political and diplomatic device to bring this about. But it was becoming increasingly clear that such tactics were getting him nowhere. General de Gaulle's latest note, delivered on 18 July, was the last straw: it offered no hope whatsoever of a negotiated settlement.

Bourguiba's decision to go over to more militant tactics has inevitably aroused some criticism for its timing, but he probably had no alternative. In any event, the French decision not merely to repulse the assault on the base but to occupy the city of Bizerta by force is inexcusable.

It is doubtful whether France's relations with Tunisia can ever be fully restored. Even now, Bourguiba is still prepared to negotiate over Bizerta; but he will, of course, be obliged to insist on an early and complete evacuation. Unless the French are prepared to talk on this assumption, the fighting seems certain to be resumed and Tunisia will get assistance from other Arab territories if not from Russia.

The consequences of this deplorable incident naturally will not end here. Bourguiba's experience over Bizerta will certainly stiffen the FLN's resistance to a similar French base in Mers-el-Kébir; and this could well lead to a final breakdown in the Evian talks, resumed this week. And unless de Gaulle can bring the Algerian talks to a speedy conclusion, a further military *coup* against his regime seems likely. Other African leaders, who have hitherto followed Bourguiba's methods, may well revise their views about how best to handle the colonialist powers.

The reputation of Britain and America, who not only failed to restrain France but, so far, have not uttered a single word condemning her action, has suffered a serious blow. If the fighting is resumed, it seems possible that the Russians will gain, for the first time, a military foothold in Africa. We must now try to repair some of the damage by using every possible means to get the French out of Bizerta – fast.

Rome

The Petrol War

BRUCE RENTON *writes:* The Italian state petroleum company, ENI, is concerned at signs of a new American offensive aimed at limiting Soviet oil exports to western Europe by bringing political pressure to bear on the Nato countries. During the last few months the USSR has stipulated new agreements with a series of Nato countries, including West Germany and Italy, and by 1965 will be able to export 100,000 barrels of crude oil per day into western Europe at the price of one dollar per barrel, as compared to the $2.79 charged for Middle East (cartel) oil.

Enrico Mattei, head of ENI, signed an agreement in Moscow last December whereby, in exchange for Soviet oil, Italy will export to the USSR, among other things, 240,000 tons of steel tubing. The Americans claim that, with the aid of this tubing, the USSR will be able by 1963 to complete a pipeline of more than 3,000 miles from the Urals into Central Europe and, by 1965, another to Klaipeda in Soviet Lithuania on the Baltic.

According to a recent US senatorial report, the Soviet oil offensive will bind the western European countries to Soviet policy. Interested in liberating Italy from the cut-throat international cartel prices, Mattei is accused of trying to break up the Atlantic alliance. The American report coincided with a violent attack by Kassem on the 'seven sisters'. Iraq, he said, was not interested in the royalties that the cartel was paying. Iraq petrol was needed for the industrialisation of the country.

ENI's reply to the Americans is along the same lines: there are still two million unemployed in southern Italy and there is no hope of creating industries for these people if the price of oil is left in the hands of the international cartel. Italy requires for her needs 30 million tons of oil per annum; only three million tons of this can be obtained from the ENI concessions, while 90 per cent has to be imported; Mattei intends to import it at the lowest possible price in the interests of the nation. (He let it be known, incidentally, at the time of the Kuwait crisis that he was prepared to distribute Iraqi oil if Iraq chose to free itself of the cartel-bound Iraq Petroleum Company.) It is not the Russians, ENI claim, who are selling under price, but the Americans who insist on their traditional cut-throat system: 40 per cent royalties, 20 per cent cost of production, 40 per cent clear profit for the cartel companies. It is pointed out here that an attempt to block Soviet oil exports would paralyse western Europe's trade with the USSR, because the Russians insist on oil as an essential part of their export list.

If the cartel can no longer control world oil prices it is neither because of ENI's activity nor because of Soviet exports. It is because (to quote the authoritative US *Oil and Gas Journal*) there is a 'new era of world oil-price structures caused by a surplus of crude capacity and the entry into world markets of many new producing and distributing entities'. As for the accusation of favouring Soviet oil penetration of Europe, ENI has a simple reply: the cartel must renounce part of its profits and sell its crude oil at competitive prices.

New York

Will Bowles Stay?

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* President Kennedy has said that Chester Bowles will stay on as Under-Secretary of State, but the press has gone over his head for a denial. 'Informed sources' and 'important administration sources', to use the tags employed by the *Washington Post* and *New York Times,* say Bowles will go – it is just a question of time. Hopefully, the implication that the President is outranked as an authority on his own intentions may now irk him to the point of keeping Bowles on indefinitely. Indeed there are those who think the Under-Secretary has escaped the axe this time only because the contemplated execution was given too much advance publicity by talkative administration colleagues who couldn't wait for the ceremony to begin.

The attempt to ease Bowles out of his job is viewed in rightist circles as a triumph for proponents of a hard foreign policy, but the interpretation is far-fetched. Between hard-line advocates and soft there is scarcely more of a struggle today than there was in the Eisenhower regime. If there are in high places any promoters of softness toward the Communist world, they are restrained to the point of silence. What conflict there is within the family at Foggy Bottom is a clash between the conventionally-minded, who are easily discomfited by imagination, and those who are willing at least to explore new approaches to old destinations.

It is in this second category that Bowles clearly belongs. He showed it in assigning a number of embassy posts to men uniquely fitted for these particular diplomatic missions in preference to men who had merely contributed dollars to the party or years to the Foreign Service. He showed it by frequently talking like what one offended critic described as 'a dreamy global planner'. And in particular he showed it by what passes for daring in his views on China, to this day a subject on which no unorthodoxy is too slight to be alarming.

Let it be said at once that Mr Bowles has advocated nothing so rash as recognising the existence of Communist China. Nobody in American public life, it seems, is ready for that, although a Gallup poll in March indicated that more than half the public favours an attempt to improve relations and open up trade with that mythical land. When Bowles's appointment was before the Senate for confirmation, several members had 'grave and serious' questions about whether his views on China met the standard specifications of toughness, but he managed to relieve their minds.

Friendly examination by Senator Sparkman elicited from him the required opposition to diplomatic recognition and admission to the United Nations. There was nothing we could do about these matters, Bowles thought, until Peking revealed a change of heart, which might take years. His earlier advocacy of the two-Chinas approach to the question of UN membership was softened by the reading of a magazine interview with Chou En-lai in which that Chinese leader fortunately denounced both the plan and its advocate with polemic enthusiasm.

Bowles has since made it plain that while he is not arguing for recognition or admission, he does think that the question should be faced and debated – a modest proposal since the matter will almost surely be forced on this country when the UN meets in September. The likelihood, in fact, is that a two-China solution (if it can be had) will seem like a victory in the end. For if the US rejects it out of hand, the alternative may well be a one-China solution in which the one China is not apt to be confused with Formosa. This possibility can hardly be lost on Washington's psychological warriors, but the wizardry of the China Lobby has made discussion of the matter unthinkable. Suggesting that Red China be invited to exhibit at the 1964 World's Fair, even the redoubtable Robert Moses hastens to add: 'This has nothing to do with their admission to the UN or diplomatic recognition'. It could have been Bowles's contribution to break the taboo and get a sane public dialogue in progress. His doubtful status now makes that improbable.

Trade Unions

Ultimatum to the ETU

The ETU leadership can choose to defy the ultimatum delivered on Tuesday by the TUC: the implied threat of suspension or expulsion could well seem a lesser evil to the controlling Communist clique than acceptance of the stiff terms designed to break its control over the union. Mr Haxell and his associates, moreover, will certainly make the most of their claim that such direct interference in the internal affairs of the ETU is an unprecedented and unwarrantable attack on the autonomy (if not the rule book) of an affiliated union.

Yet such tactics cannot minimise the importance of the TUC decision. For the first time the leading members of the trade union movement have set out the way in which democracy can be restored in the ETU; it is only in this way that the reputation of the whole movement can be protected against the dangers of government action. This is something that Mr Justice Winn could not do in the recent legal action. He found that there had been a conspiracy, and he ruled that Mr Byrne must become General Secretary. But that is all. The TUC, and the ETU membership, had to take the matter from there – and the actions of the Communist leadership after the court decision made drastic measures urgent. Mr Byrne had been made a hostage, and the vital elections for the ETU executive, due in just over a month, were clearly the target of the Communist manoeuvres.

The TUC proposals are designed to deal with that situation. They ask that Mr Byrne be given back the powers that were stripped from him, that five named officials be debarred from office for a term of five years, and that Mr Foulkes resign as President and seek election again. If the ETU leadership refuses to accept these demands the membership can draw its own conclusions and vote accordingly in the September elections – knowing that this time the Communist leaders have been judged by their most senior colleagues in the trade union movement, not by capitalist newspapers or the courts.

In these circumstances it would be regrettable if the TUC were driven to suspend or expel the ETU. The recent conference at Portsmouth showed that there is now an important and vocal opposition within the union; even in that conference, where the leadership had an automatic majority, its critics made a remarkable showing, and they are giving the rank and file the chance to set the union's house in order. If the ETU were suspended before the elections their uphill fight might be made even more difficult.

Southern Rhodesia

The Rod of Iron

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Southern Rhodesia is now in the grip of a long-term crisis. White and black have declared war on each other. At present the whites hold all power and are using it to cow their opponents. If Sir Edgar Whitehead chooses to use the 'rod of iron' which he has threatened, he and the white settlers, no matter whether they support the United Federal Party or the Dominion Party, are bound to lose. No community of 200,000 can hope to maintain permanent power over a neighbour of 2.5 million. Nor can the whites hold on until they have created an African middle class to work with them against the extremists. It is the African middle class which first rebels against discrimination and which is now leading the revolution all over Africa.

The tragedy of recent events in Rhodesia is that the whites will not recognise their self-interest. In a multi-racial society the minorities can create lasting security for themselves by co-operating to build a non-racial state in which every individual is guaranteed personal rights. Yet, since Garfield Todd, no leading statesman in Southern Rhodesia has been prepared to tell his people this simple fact. So this week's white-dominated referendum has been fought with the UFP promising that the 15 African seats in a House of 65 will be abolished if the African members do not toe the line, and warning the public that if their appeal is rejected, Britain is bound to demand more for the Africans. The Dominion Party has been even more crude in its racial propaganda. The logical end of such leadership must be racial war.

Meanwhile Sir Edgar and his government are duplicating the mistake which Mr Macleod has made in Northern Rhodesia. Joshua Nkomo and his Southern Rhodesian National Democratic Party represent the settlers' only chance of working with moderate Africans. Instead the government has declared war on them. Once Nkomo loses his influence in Southern Rhodesia (or Kenneth Kaunda in Northern) the forces of racialism will be let loose; unless both Rhodesian governments can give these two African leaders conditions which they can persuade their followers to accept, racial co-operation will be replaced by the spirit of Mau Mau. No matter which party now forms the government of Southern Rhodesia, the issue of racial war or peace will depend on getting the white community to face this reality.

New Zealand

Threat of Disaster

A Correspondent in Wellington writes: For more than a century almost all New Zealand's overseas income has been earned by turning grass into dairy produce, meat and wool. Its economic ties with Britain have been a textbook example of trade: Britain takes 92 of every 100 sheep raised in New Zealand, 88 of every 100 pounds of cheese and 72 of every 100 pounds of butter produced, and pays for these with cars, textiles and other industrial products. The Sandys visit broke the unpalatable news that this traditional pattern was now to be disrupted by Britain's entry to the Common Market.

The New Zealand market in the UK has so long been assured, and the New Zealand economy has been so closely geared to it, that the blow which is about to fall seems almost incredible. For reasons of climate, balance of payments and even political loyalty, New Zealand has few alternative outlets for its products. It can sell little to India or Pakistan; some supplies are sent to West Africa and the Caribbean territories; it faces tariff barriers in Europe; while on the other side of the Atlantic, both Canada and the United States rigidly protect their own dairy industries.

Now the prospect is that within a year or so, if Britain signs the Treaty of Rome, New Zealand lamb will face a tariff of 20 per cent in the British market. If, at the same time, food prices as a whole rise in Britain, New Zealand producers must expect a sharp fall in sales, and the country will run into serious balance of payments problems at a moment when its farm income is dropping. Inevitably it will have to consider dumping its surplus dairy produce and, in the longer run, a painful reorganisation of its highly specialised farming.

It is curious that, against this background, Mr Sandys should have put so little stress on the economic consequences of British membership of the Community. Counting, no doubt, on the old 'Empire' loyalties, he said flatly that Britain could not bind itself to more than a promise to do its best for Commonwealth agriculture, and that the primary producers must rely on Britain's good faith. His main purpose was to sell British entry into the Community as a political move, designed to strengthen 'the West' and to offset any 'third force' tendencies in Europe. After he had left, and when Australia and Canada offered forceful criticism, New Zealanders began to realise just how little British 'assurances' in fact insure them against a bleak future.

●

The Long Seduction

JOHN MANDER

The nearer to Berlin, the less hysterically would people appear to be taking the present crisis. In Washington there may be rumours of war, limited or unlimited, and in West Germany there is lively concern; but in West Berlin itself calm is still, as a Prussian king put it after the battle of Jena, 'the first duty of the burgher'. Are the West Berliners, in all this, merely whistling to keep their spirits up? Have they come to believe, flattered by their years in the limelight, that nothing serious can happen to them, that the lights will never go out on the Kurfürstendamm? Is the calm – so striking to the traveller newly landed at Tempelhof – not better called complacency?

Certainly, the official attitude savours of professional optimism. The visiting journalist is assured, by Herr Brandt's PROs, that there is in reality no crisis at all and that, if there were, the West Berliners would know how to take care of it. In part, such talk can be put down to the three years that have passed – without obvious effect on the life of the city – since Mr Krushchev's present campaign was launched. At its worst, the no-crisis patter takes refuge in the formula that it is 'only' the Russians who wish for a change in the *status quo*, and that therefore no crisis can, officially speaking, be said to exist. It is noticeable that this formula is now less heard in West Germany itself. In private conversations, at least, I had the impression that many West Germans are aware that some painful changes are to be expected.

The professional optimists, on the other hand, are not entirely wrong. They are, after all, professionals. They have been dealing with the kind of minor trickery and obstruction at which the Communists excel at least since the days of the Blockade. And the impression that they will always have a trick or two up their sleeves may well be justified.

They know, and the Communists know, that certain Communist actions could have unpleasant consequences for East Germany. Interference with trade, on which West Berlin is entirely dependent economically, could lead to West German reprisals – as it did last autumn – in the sphere of inter-zonal trade. Again, the Pankow regime benefits financially from the hard currency West DM it collects on the Berlin *S-Bahn* or from motorists on the *Autobahn* to and from the Federal Republic. The more economically-minded Communist functionaries may be urging the folly of killing the goose that lays golden eggs on Pankow's doorstep.

The professionals are no doubt right in thinking that Communist aggression will not take the form of a frontal assault on Berlin. For one thing, they know that they are dealing with two opponents, one of whom does not enjoy full freedom of action. Herr Ulbricht's designs on West Berlin are transparent. But he must be aware that there is a point – the point at which a head-on collision with the US becomes inevitable – where Russian support might be rapidly withdrawn, with disastrous consequences to the already shaken prestige of his own regime. The Russians must be no less aware of the dangers of this situation. One can assume, for this reason, that whatever plans the Communists may have, they will be extremely circumspect. The seduction will be long, complex and highly professional.

A specimen of the kind of obstruction to

"DECEMBER, NOVEMBER, OCTOBER ... "
VICKY

The Count-Down

be expected is Pankow's new concern with 'air security'. The argument runs like this. West Berlin's two airports, Tegel and Tempelhof, no longer comply with the security standards laid down by ICAO. For jet airliners the runways are too short; but, since both airports lie within the built-up area of the city, they cannot be extended. Similarly, the danger of a repetition of the Munich air crash in thickly-populated central Berlin argues against the safety of Tegel and Tempelhof. The noise factor too, Pankow maintains, is a permanent menace to the health of the inhabitants of both the western and eastern parts of Berlin.

Why this sudden concern with the nocturnal welfare of the Berliners? The answer is simple. At Schönefeld the Communists have an airport which has none of the disadvantages of Tegel and Tempelhof. It lies outside the city borders, within the territory of the GDR, and is capable of the required modernisation. The present Russian air force officer who controls, with his British, French, and American colleagues, the four-power Air Security Centre in West Berlin, would be replaced by an East German officer in the event of a peace treaty being signed.

The East Germans would then undoubtedly urge the superior claims of Schönefeld, and try to restrict the use of Tempelhof and Tegel. Since Schönefeld is within their jurisdiction, they would be able to exercise control over all passengers leaving Berlin for the West. But the air route to the West is at present the main outlet for refugees from East Germany. By controlling this outflow, Ulbricht could check the present flight from East Germany and effectively curb the freedom of any Free City of West Berlin.

The struggle in Berlin itself is thus likely to be intricate and prolonged. It is because they know this that the West Berliners are not hysterical. The reserves of food and fuel in the city are said to be very large – sufficient, at the least, for a six-month siege. Herr Brandt claims that the contingency plans for the acute phase of the 'crisis', should it come, will be in operation within a matter of minutes. The Russians cannot be unaware of this. What the West Berliners perhaps do not see, in their exaggerated insularity, is that the Russians may not be strictly interested in Berlin at all. Seen from Moscow and Washington, a good deal more may be at stake than the future of Tempelhof airfield or the newly restored Brandenburger Tor.

In this wider context, in terms of strategy rather than of tactics, the good nerves of which the West Berliners justifiably boast may seem a less adequate response to Mr Krushchev's challenge.

The Moment of Truth

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Of course the Labour Party is right not to commit itself until the government has a precise proposition to make about its sudden desire to get inside the Common Market. In a growing crisis, with the Premier so obviously losing control, it would be madness for the Opposition to try to anticipate where his teetering will take him next. Nevertheless, the government is under extreme pressure and a lot may happen during the recess. We must prepare ourselves for big decisions which, when they come, may well have to be taken very quickly indeed.

Inevitably, part of that preparation consists in studying the analyses of the Rome Treaty and the attempts to estimate its economic consequences which have appeared in almost every newspaper. Reading these summaries, however, and listening to the experts discussing them, I have been driven to one conclusion. To search for objective data by which to measure the economic advantages and disadvantages of entering the Common Market is to chase a will-o'-the-wisp. There are too many unknown factors in the situation to permit any judgment based on evidence.

Personally I am relieved that this is so, because I am convinced that the basic issue that faces us is not economic, but political and moral. What the Commons does – probably before the end of this year – will determine whether the Commonwealth is to survive in any real form and what part Britain will play in that European Third Force which is now emerging between the Russian and American super-states. I am shocked by the idea that we should try to decide this by considering the price of wool-tops and estimating what course will 'pay' the British consumer. We should not disregard the economic factors; but they should play a secondary role in all our deliberations.

Of course it is true that, if the problem had been tackled even five years ago, we could still have joined Europe on our own terms, and we should not have been faced with the appalling dilemma which is now before us or forced to negotiate from weakness. But, instead of acting, the government let us drift into a comfortable industrial decline, concealed by its luck with the terms of trade and its readiness to mortgage the future in order to buy time. Now, quite suddenly, there is no more time to buy and the alternatives are sharp. At this late hour, the only way to prevent our free enterprise system from falling to pieces is to get inside the Common Market and hope that the breath of European competition will revive it. Alternatively, if we stay out of Europe, our only chance of recovery is to accept the kind of national planning and extensions of public ownership described in *Signposts for the Sixties*. Socialism, in fact, has become the precondition of national independence. It is because he understands this that the Premier has been converted overnight into a Common Marketeer. Some Socialists believe the reason for this is American pressure and that President Kenndy gave us our marching orders. The President's journey to Europe may have been the occasion of the change, but it was not the cause.

This sudden decision is the climax of a long process of disillusion. For ten years the Tories have manfully tried to combine a return to the easy-going British form of free enterprise with the maintenance of our status as the third great power. The first blow to their efforts was the Suez fiasco. That attempt to go it alone was ended after five days by a surrender to American oil and financial sanctions. Six months after Suez the government tried again – this time in the field of nuclear weapons. The Sandys defence policy was a nuclear Suez, which duly collapsed last year after the abandonment of Blue Streak. It was followed by the diplomatic go it alone – the Macmillan journey to Moscow – which was equally futile.

Twelve months later the economic front is beginning to collapse; and Mr Macmillan, who had complacently welcomed the efforts of western Europe to get together, was faced with a new threat. The Common Market began to operate at the precise moment when it was impossible any longer to disguise Britain's industrial and financial decline. Hence the decision to seek membership – the correct Conservative way to meet the crisis, because it is the only alternative to resignation and the election of a Labour government, pledged to radical Socialist measures.

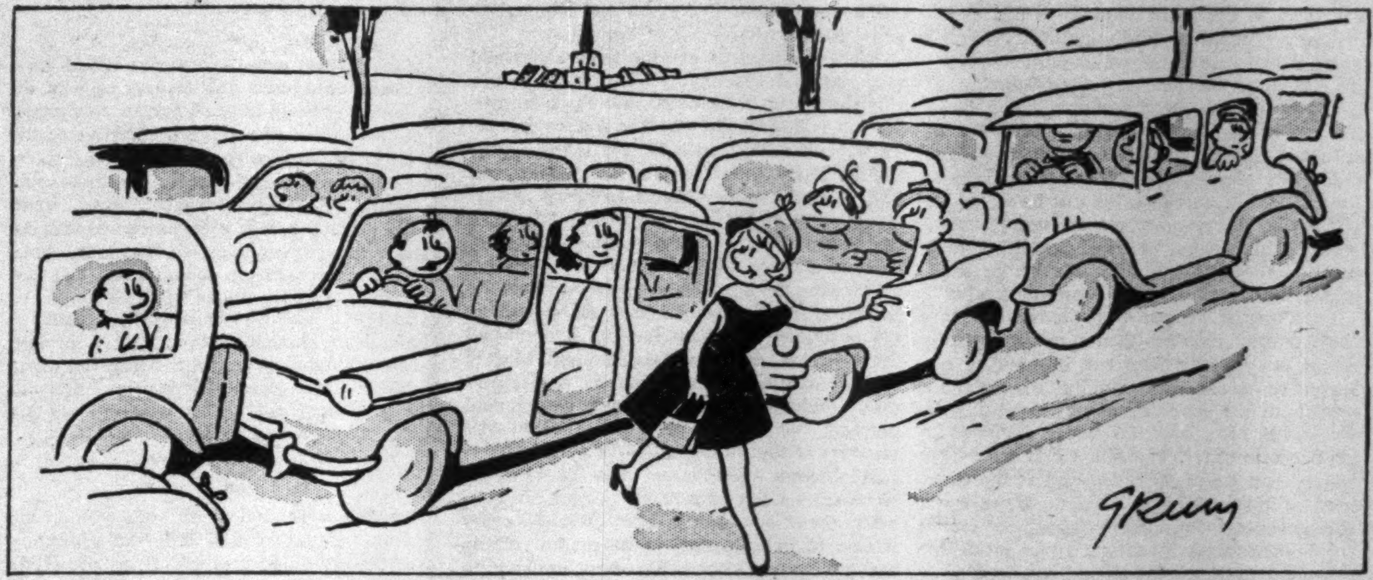
What we are experiencing, in fact, is 1931 in reverse. Like the second Labour government, this Tory government is politically bankrupt. But, unlike Ramsay MacDonald, Mr Macmillan seeks refuge not in a national coalition with his party opponents but in an international coalition with his fellow Conservatives in Europe.

This escape from responsibility requires one of those complete reversals of public opinion which test the qualities of Tory statesmanship. Ever since the war, the worst accusation that could be levelled at a Socialist was to call him a Little Englander, and those who made the charge were not limited to Conservatives and Liberals. In the Labour movement also orthodoxy required an acceptance of the view that Britain was still the third world power, a nuclear power, capable not only of maintaining an independent national economy but of providing the capital for the development of the Commonwealth. When some of us suggested that these commitments were far beyond our economic strength, we were dubbed defeatists – not only by the Tories and *The Times*.

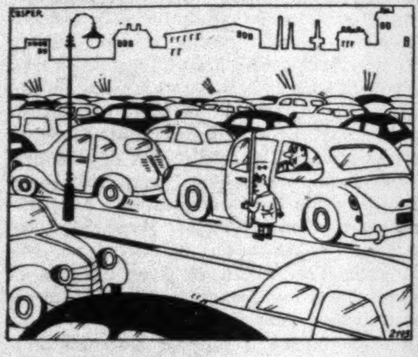
In the last months of his life, Aneurin Bevan was increasingly troubled by the chauvinism which afflicts an imperial people in decline. 'If the Labour Party is to win the confidence of the British people,' he would say to me, 'we can't allow you intellectuals to talk about Britain as a second-class power or to deny our soldiers the most modern armoury of weapons.' I have no doubt that Aneurin Bevan's hunch about the national psychology was sound. If a Labour government – or, for that matter, a Labour opposition – had ever dared to say a fraction of what is now being said by Tory politicians and written in the Tory press about Britain's weakness and the Commonwealth's decline, we should have been reviled for 'running the country down'.

But now the moment of truth has come. Our illusions of grandeur have been pricked not by the 'unreliable' Left but by the Establishment itself. Britain must take refuge in the Common Market, we are told, because the Commonwealth is finished as an effective economic unit and a nation of 52 million people is no longer a viable economic entity. And this bleak message comes from the men who won an election by telling us that we'd never had it so good.

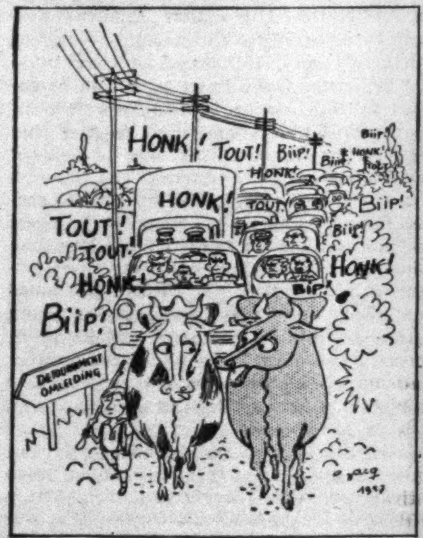
Last year, in a Fabian pamphlet, I advised those Socialists who wished to come to terms with the affluent society to have a little more faith in their Socialist principles and watch that affluence crumble when confronted with the menace of the Common Market. I must freely admit that, in making this prediction, I did not expect that, within a year, the whole Establishment would be shouting in panicky chorus: 'We must take shelter in the Common Market because the Commonwealth is finished and Britain cannot go it alone.'



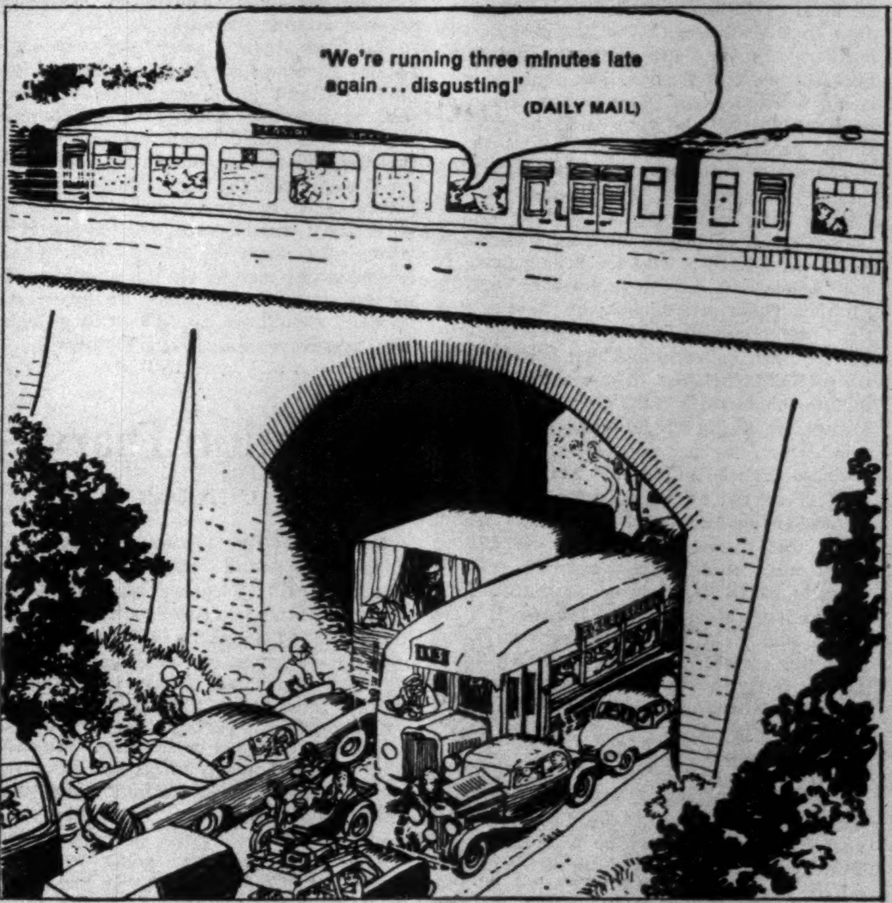
'I will go ahead and do lunch; it will all be ready when you get home' (LE HERISSON, PARIS)



'You had better run home and tell Mummy that I shall be home in about an hour's time!'
(NEUE BERNER ZEITUNG, SWITZERLAND)


HONK!
TOUT!
Biip!
Biip!
HONK!
HONK!
Biip!
HONK!
TOUT!
TOUT!
Biip!
Biip!
TOUT!
HONK!
HONK!
Biip!
Biip!
DEVIATION
OMLEIDING
1937

'The last time I started something like this, in 1937, they were much more patient!'
(ROUTES ET CIRCULATIONS, BELGIUM)



'We're running three minutes late again ... disgusting!'
(DAILY MAIL)

go by train and don't give a hoot

In the next three months the Labour party will have to decide its attitude to this extraordinary reversal of traditional values. In so doing it is essential that we should not permit the Tories to escape from their moment of truth. Since 1951, the government's popularity has rested on two cushions – a sense of affluence and an illusion of grandeur. The crisis has temporarily punctured both, and we must make sure that we ourselves, in our attacks on the government, do not re-inflate them. That is why we must never minimise the threat of the Common Market or exaggerate the strength of the Commonwealth.

Of course, if we had spent the last ten years slashing our overseas commitments, getting rid of our nuclear deterrent, husbanding our scarce resources and planning the balanced growth of the economy along Socialist lines, we should have been far better equipped to go it alone today. But the 1950s have been wasted and Britain has declined as the Common Market gained in strength. If we reject the government's panicky effort to escape from its troubles by taking cover inside the Common Market, this should not lead us to the conclusion that under Socialism Britain could comfortably 'go it alone' and that all negotiations with the Six are unnecessary.

On the contrary! A Labour government taking over from the Tories would certainly have to negotiate with the Six in order to find terms of close and continuous co-operation with western Europe. The issue, in fact, is not whether negotiations are to begin but what the attitude and aims of the negotiators should be.

There are those who are afraid that, in finding its answer to these questions, the Labour Party will precipitate another split. I do not agree. Of course there are differences. There are Socialists who see Britain's role as the centre of a Commonwealth outside Europe. There are others who believe that the Commonwealth is bound to decline during the next ten years and that it is futile to try to build Socialism in one country of 52 million inhabitants. They see our role inside Europe organising a federal European opposition, which in due course could hope to socialise the whole Common Market.

Most of us, I suspect, adopt a position somewhere between these extremes. I cannot think that there is anyone in the Labour Party who would advocate either refusing point blank to negotiate or uncritically joining the Tory stampede into Europe. If I am right, then what we should be considering over this summer are the tests to which the Labour Party should submit the government's proposals whenever they are published. And, directly we get down to that job, the dangers of division seem much less acute.

For there are two sets of conditions on which all of us, surely, feel bound to insist. The first set relates to the Commonwealth and EFTA. There may be wide differences in the estimates we make both of the strength of the Seven and of the future prospects of the Commonwealth. But none of us could support a Tory government which tried to creep into Europe on special terms, leaving the Seven and the older members of the Commonwealth in the lurch. I know that any mention of our obligations to the Commonwealth is now received with a smile of superior derision in the places where government policy is made. As the New Zealanders are beginning to discover, when the British ruling class abandon the ship of state, they are always first into the boats and keenly resent the complaint of any friend they have to leave behind. I cannot conceive that anyone in the Labour Party will feel tempted to adopt this peculiar sense of honour.

The second set of conditions is concerned with national sovereignty. The main reason why the Tories want to go into the Common Market is in order to preserve free enterprise. They believe that, once Britain is inside, the Labour Party, even if it wins an election, will find it vastly more difficult to carry out its plans of Socialist reconstruction. So much the better for them. But in that case there can surely be no question of Socialists acquiescing in a move designed to frustrate Socialism. Here, then, we have the second set of conditions on which Labour is bound to insist – that entry to the Common Market should involve no limitation of sovereignty that would prevent a Labour government carrying out all the proposals for national recovery set out in *Signposts for the Sixties*.

At present there is no way of knowing whether the Six would be willing to consider these conditions, and there is every reason to believe that, in its present mood, the government would be most unlikely to insist on them. But the Premier's feebleness – and the fact that, if he negotiates, he will be negotiating from extreme weakness – only strengthens the case for spending the summer thinking out the principles on which our Socialist attitude should be based.

The issue before us is not whether a Labour government, along with its associates in EFTA and the Commonwealth, should seek to negotiate changes in the Common Market that would make it possible for us to enter. That is a difficult problem, which could well divide the party. No: the problem before us is far more brutal – whether this government should creep into Europe at the wrong time, under the wrong conditions and for the wrong reasons. On this question, when the government's proposals are finally published, it should not be difficult to provide a firm, aggressive, united Socialist answer.

London Diary

CHARON

Going away for the summer holidays in a crisis-ridden period evokes dangerous reminiscences. 1914: telegrams being delivered to Guards Officers in striped bathing dresses on the beach at Frinton. In 1939 I took a line of my own. Avignon, end of August. The English streaming back from the Riviera. I sternly rebuked a tooth-brush-moustached young man in a pork-pie hat who accosted me outside my hotel in the Place Clemenceau and asked if I would let his grandmother lie down in my room for an hour before he resumed the night drive. I told him: 'No earthly reason to rattle grandma's bones. Chamberlain's certainly going to sell out again, but let the old lady lie up and read the *Daily Telegraph* by all means . . .' What will have happened by the time I resume this diary in September? To Berlin, to our economy, to us? The rules, such as never starting a war until the harvest is in, never invading at a week-end, are never kept. Perhaps there will be a stunning outbreak of peace in October. But no prophecies this time. It resolves itself, to my mind, into the problem of just how mad are how many Americans? Still quacking in my ears is Senator Jackson's staggering plea on *Panorama* last Monday for the resumption of nuclear tests on the grounds that they might hit on something by accident like the discoverers of penicillin.

* * *

Many British newspapers have asked why President Bourguiba, the leading apostle of gradualism, should have chosen to precipitate a physical crisis over Bizerta. There's really no mystery. Bourguiba, over the past three years, has tried every conceivable diplomatic device to persuade the French to leave. What finally decided him to stage a demonstration outside the French lines was the latest note which he received from de Gaulle on Tuesday of last week. Its tone was exceptionally violent and uncompromising. Our man in Tunis, Jean Daniel (wounded, alas, in last week-end's fighting) was with Bourguiba when the note – three pages of typescript – arrived. The President read it through, took off his glasses and, turning to Daniel, said calmly: *'Eh bien, c'est l'épreuve de force'*.

* * *

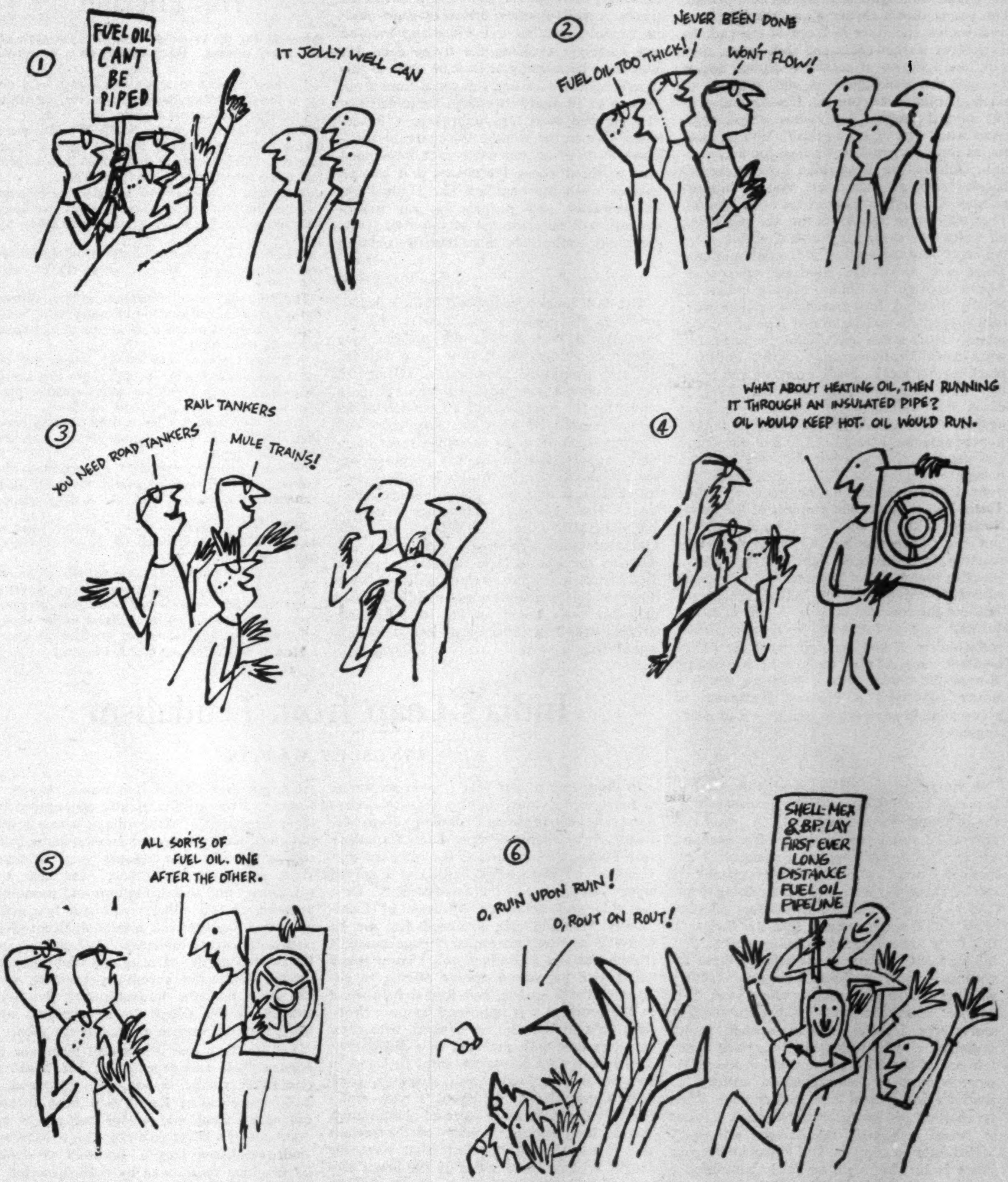
I spend a good deal of Sunday morning reading the papers and half the afternoon lowering my blood pressure. I was peculiarly incensed by Robert Pitman's attack upon Iris Murdoch and her new novel *A Severed Head*. 'Utterly degenerate... stuffed with turgid and often meaningless symbolism... enshrined the bored and disgusted-by-nothing attitude of that shallow but influential clique which dominates the literary weeklies and the BBC Brains Trust . . .' Coming from a former *Tribune* staff member, and presumably therefore a member of what is loosely called the intelligentsia, this seemed to me odd indeed. I'm told it was also Robert Pitman who, under the name of Percy Howard, wrote the *Sunday Express's* middle-page attack on Malcolm Muggeridge for breaking the taboo on the sacred sea-cow, Churchill. This will have given no pain or consternation to Muggeridge, who, as an old hand, measures his stocks index by his vilification co-efficient. I suppose Robert Pitman is all set to inherit the mantle of John Gordon.

* * *

Isherwood is in London putting the finishing touches to a new novel. I effected an interesting reunion between him and the original Mr Norris. The ageless Arthur – now rising 76, according to chronologists – was encouragingly spry. He hinted once or twice that he, as the Onlie Begetter, should be enfiefed as the heir to Christopher's fortune. They reminisced most amicably. We asked after Mr Norris's wig. Isherwood said he hoped it had been given to a museum. The question was, said Mr Norris, which museum? I suggested the museum of lost causes. At this precise moment our old friend Gerald Hamilton materialised to see how Mr Norris was getting on. We all rather sharply cross-examined him about his recent apology for South Africa. He told us that a copy of his book, *Jacaranda*, is now being presented, together with the Dutch Bible, to every prospective immigrant. Isherwood was in excellent form. Always his severest critic, he seems to be pleased with his new novel which he has just turned in to Methuen. It is called *Down There on a Visit*. The *There* refers to *là-bas*, a species of hell. An alternative title was *The Others*. It's a tragic farce, told in the first person, in four parts: set in California, London at the time of the Munich crisis, Germany (not Berlin), and post-war Berlin.

* * *

The Ace cafe on the North Circular. Landscape, in miniature, wildly sensational. A


①
FUEL OIL CAN'T BE PIPED
IT JOLLY WELL CAN
②
NEVER BEEN DONE
FUEL OIL TOO THICK!
WON'T FLOW!
③
RAIL TANKERS
YOU NEED ROAD TANKERS
MULE TRAINS!
④
WHAT ABOUT HEATING OIL, THEN RUNNING IT THROUGH AN INSULATED PIPE? OIL WOULD KEEP HOT. OIL WOULD RUN.
⑤
ALL SORTS OF FUEL OIL. ONE AFTER THE OTHER.
⑥
O, RUIN UPON RUIN!
O, ROUT ON ROUT!
SHELL-MEX & B.P. LAY FIRST EVER LONG DISTANCE FUEL OIL PIPELINE

Two facts worth remembering: (1) The fuel oil pipeline devised by Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd was laid 23 miles from Stanlow refinery to Partington, in the Manchester area.

(2) Fuel oil is currently being pumped in at Stanlow at 240°F and coming out at the other end to feed Manchester's industries flowing merrily at 100°F.

SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD — FIRST LONG DISTANCE FUEL OIL PIPELINE

mountain range of slag, a concrete viaduct on stilts, industrial lights flashing, a canal bridge. The young dicers cluster along the low concrete-walled enclosure in front of the caff. In their black leather coats and jack boots, they look like a swarm of activated drones. Inside the caff the atmosphere is very difficult to catch. Minimum of comfort. Fixed metal seats like hinged spoons. Tea, wads, chips, eggs. (And what sort of tea is this?) You sit here for as long as you like waiting for a revelation. Outside, the motor-bike exhausts reverberate with an insistence that is almost phoney. Suddenly a gang of six or so sets off. They turn sharp right from the Ace and swing off westwards along the North Circular, roaring away into the void of industrial subtopia. These are a strange modern sub-species. Above average for looks. Mostly under 25. Mostly male. A few masculine-epicene pairings suggest the old-fashioned type of Public-school 'case', a few girls. One, in particular, wore the full death-worshipper's drill uniform: black leather jacket, black breeches and black top-boots. She had long dark hair hanging down her shoulders in ringlets. She leant against a far corner of the caff and looked hyper-romantic. I tried hard to find out whose girl she was, and whether she rode the bike herself or sat on the pillion. Just inside the door I found a fascinating machine called Testo. This is one of the protégés of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. You put in a threepenny bit and try to time your reaction to a coloured light switch. After a practice shot I scored average. The two dicers who followed me did no better. We passed out into the concrete enclave. A pair of motor bikers, male and female, in motion almost indissolubly linked, roared past us. 'They couldn't race a rice pud', said somebody. Round the corner was a door on which a notice advertised a Finance Company, to accommodate prospective purchasers of death engines.

* * *

A strange place this. I found it depressing. It makes you nostalgic for the governess cart, the running shoe, the hoof. A machine-dominated social group, alcohol-free perhaps, yet apparently suffering from some other addiction. I don't believe the hyper-sensational stories about the boys who when doing a ton (100 mph) on M1 throw themselves off purposefully, in speed-orgasm, into the *Ewigkeit*. But there are several stretches – such as that hill in Kent – where the deaths of these innocents – most of them, I suppose, factory workers – have amounted to one a week. It is easy, of course, to sensationalise the modern motor bike. I got a lesson here when, round midnight, a short stubby figure arrived at the tail end of the fried egg and chips queue. He wore a more or less regulation uniform of scarlet crash helmet and leather coat. Then he took off his headgear and opened his coat to reveal a homely middle-aged wire-spectacled mug on top of a stiff collar and alpaca office jacket; he might so easily have been a revenant from the earliest days of motor bicycling when petrol tanks were sharply rectangular, and you could scratch your ears on the handle-bars. He beamed owlishly around the place.

* * *

The other evening I had a sharp personal experience of the subject matter of the Richmond Park speed limit controversy which has been raging in *The Times*. I was being driven quietly along at a sensible speed of 15 mph. Some deer crossed the road ahead of me. Suddenly, there was a roar and a shriek of brakes. A Rolls-Bentley, driven by some obvious capital-appreciator, shot past and swerved very narrowly avoiding the flying deer. He must have been doing at least 60 mph. Is this an argument for raising the speed limit from 20 mph to 30 mph? The deer, those of them who escaped with legs unbroken, will certainly take to the woods. Why should Richmond Park, of all our enclosures, be handed over to speed hogs? It's not as if it was an obvious main thoroughfare like Hyde Park. Its character and purpose as an island-amenity will be shattered at this rate. How can public authorities be so bestially obtuse?

* * *

The last time I penetrated into a ladies' public lavatory was at the Zoo during the First World War. I think the site has long since been obliterated; it went along with the old and pleasantly glass-domed Edwardian reptile house. I have always retained a sharp sympathy for mothers and all women of all ages in search of what the Americans call comfort stations. I do therefore most earnestly support Barbara Castle's proposed Bill for the abolition of turnstiles in ladies' lavatories. This is only part of the natural agitation. The essential difference between GENTLEMEN and LADIES is that the Gents can pass water freely – it is hoped – whereas the Ladies have to spend a penny. In a society which boasts the equality between the sexes this is blatantly unfair. If a national plebiscite were taken on the issue I doubt whether even Peter Simple and Evelyn Waugh would vote against.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Firemen rushing to a big blaze were held up by a ferryman who demanded a 10s. 6d. fare before they could cross a river.

The six firemen, from South Shields, were taking special equipment to help fight a blaze in North Shields – which meant that their engine had to be ferried across the River Tyne.

They had a 'whip-round' to raise the money.

After the fire they had so little left that they had to return by a free ferry, five miles up river.

The ferry is operated by the Tyne Improvement Commission. – *Daily Express*. (D. Davies.)

Indians who use Nuneaton public slipper baths are using so much hot water that Nuneaton Borough Council proposes to charge them a special rate.

A Council official said today: 'These Indians do not bath like English people. They first scrub themselves in a bath of hot water and the process is repeated with a second bathful.

'Then they have it filled a third time to rinse their bodies. All this is running away with the hot water supply.

'We are going to explain the position to the Indians and will have to charge them for each bathful.' – *Birmingham Mail*. (L. A. Richardson.)

When my husband is away I cannot bear to watch a BBC thriller because there are no breaks to return me to reality.

I enjoy ITV thrillers because the advertisement breaks – clothes going round in a washing machine, and fresh young teenagers popping sweets into their mouths – allow me to shake off the horror and return for another session. – Letter in *Daily Herald*. (C. J. Penney.)

India's Leap from Feudalism

KINGSLEY MARTIN

In the spring of last year I spent six weeks in India trying, much of the time, to understand what is happening to Indian village life. I came away unable to write. I saw enough to stop me generalising and to convince me that I should be even more baffled if I stayed longer. This was not the fault of S. K. Dey, the able and dedicated Minister of Community Planning. He arranged for me to visit the new self-governing village councils (Panchayats) in Rajasthan, and I spent many hours with his administrative officers in villages, in Delhi, and in their Research Institute in Mussoorie. I was impressed by their devotion, their ability and, in general, with their easy relations with peasants who did not, as I had been told to expect, seem to stand in awe of them. I learnt most, however, from Mrs Kusum Nair. She spent a year walking to villages in most parts of the country, staying long enough in each of the regions she visited to find out just what were the results achieved in practice by the new Community broom and by the legislation which has, on paper, revolutionised the Indian countryside. A selection now published* from her great accumulation of notes, mainly of conversations with villagers, makes a book of manageable size, more instructive than a whole shelf of official reports.

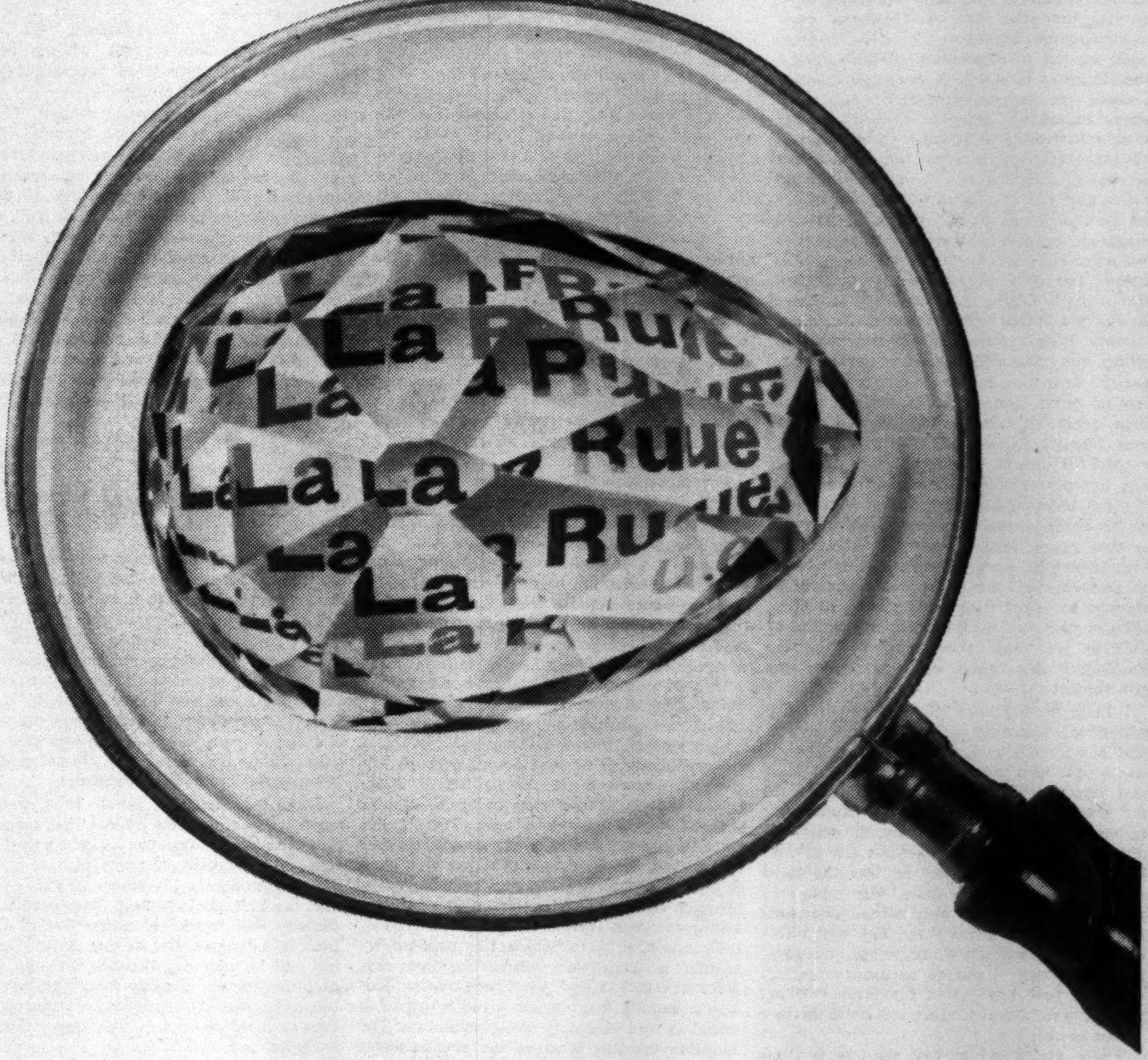
It was not the extreme isolation of some villages that worried me. (Mrs Nair quotes one villager who said he had heard of Congress, but didn't know if it was a man or a woman.) I was in fact greatly encouraged by the progress of a tribal village where I was presented with a bow and arrows. More difficult is the fact that villages vary infinitely from one state to another, and that the psychology and social relations and economic progress of two villages within a few miles of each other may be utterly different. Nor is that the worst difficulty. The motives and the underlying ties of caste and tradition cannot be discovered except by someone who can both talk the language and live long enough in the village to be accepted and trusted by the women as well as the men.

Let me take one illustration given me by Kusum Nair and repeated in her book. In one Bihar village, a boy, who belonged to a sub-caste called Koeri, had been thrown out of his caste and village because he ate food out of a Brahmin's pot. This in itself was odd; we know that a Brahmin is defiled by touching food eaten by a Harijan, but in this case the crime was reversed. The boy escaped being beaten up only by running away to a town and learning to be a tailor. A year later he learnt in exile that his grandmother had died. A priest advised him to undergo the rites of purification required by his grandmother's death, and at the same time to expiate his caste sin. He went back to the village with his head shaved and was there accepted.

I quote this story merely to show that very few outsiders can be in a position to under-

---

* *Blossoms in the Dust*. By Kusum Nair, with foreword by Gunner Myrdal. *Duckworth*. 21s.



WELL
INFORMED
CIRCLES

De La Rue is a many-sided organization. Every facet reflects the clear-cut vision of a young, highly trained management. Whichever way you look at it, the world-wide expansion of De La Rue has been spectacular. Well-informed circles need no further clues to verify their prediction that the company's future is equally bright.

FORMICA PLASTICS · POTTERTON BOILERS ·
DE LA RUE BANKNOTES COUNTING MACHINES
STAMPS FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL PRINT
ARMOURED VEHICLE SECURITY TRANSPORT
DE LA RUE BULL DATA PROCESSING EQUIPMENT

De La Rue

stand what is happening. The motives of action are not economic. Nor are they religious in the sense we understand in the West; Hinduism publishes no rules of conduct and lays down no list of commandments. Behaviour can be explained only by custom and local tradition. And these are often more powerful than the lure of wealth or even the satisfaction of hunger.

One of the most striking of Mrs Nair's generalisations is that it is wrong to assume, as some planners may naturally do, that hungry Indian villagers will respond readily to an opportunity to escape from poverty. She frequently asked what they hoped for and was told that it would be wonderful to receive one additional bag of rice or perhaps one acre of land. They could not envisage possessing more than two or three acres, and co-operation seemed to them a fanciful notion. The idea of progress by individual effort, which Delhi, like the West, assumes, has not penetrated to most Indian villages.

Every Indian reformer rejoiced when a ceiling was placed on the amount of land that the rich may possess. Legally there are now no great landowners in India, and the often arbitrary rule of the Zemindari has been formally abolished. The reality, as I learned for myself, is different. The landlord may not possess more than a given number of acres, but that does not prevent him dividing his holding among members of his family, so that often, in fact, nothing is changed. Even when he openly breaks the law, it is uncommon for those he has cheated to attempt to assert their legal rights. In some villages peasants would complain that they used to get 'more consideration' from the Zemindari than they now get from the government.

I have photographs of myself, comically garlanded, squatting on the floor trying to find out from a group of self-governing villagers just how far they made use of their new freedom. On one occasion, I recall, all the answers were given by one apparently rather insignificant personality. It was with difficulty that I persuaded anyone else to talk. I learned afterwards that he was the local money-lender who, in effect, was master of the village, though he only owned two acres of land and kept a tiny shop. The state offers credit facilities which would release the peasants from their bondage to money lenders. But last year I was told that only two per cent of agricultural lending was done through credit banks.

There are, I think, two reasons for this reluctance. The first is that it is easy and customary to borrow from a neighbour who will always extend an obligation from which he knows you will never be able to free yourself. The second is that the bank demands security which only those with land can provide. Thus it comes about that those who are already well off can profit by the new facilities and buy the fertilisers which India now produces, while the poor remain as poor as they were under the British Raj.

One of my own conclusions was that with the best will in the world – and the goodwill in Delhi is abundant – the government is unintentionally creating a new race of kulaks. When I am told by the best statistical authority in India that the standard of consumption in India has increased during the last two five-year plans by about two per cent per annum, I add as a rider that a large part of this increase has gone to a very small section of the population.

This picture is not true of all India. India has built some of the most remarkable public works in the world. The great dams provide power and water for millions of people; and, if there are still some villagers who will not even dig a trench to carry the water a few yards to their fields, there are of course many others who are on the way to a new prosperity. Even a passing visitor like myself can visit, in a single morning, one village that is entirely primitive and another where the dung is carefully stacked and dried and some of it used as fertiliser instead of fuel; where new wells have been built and insulated from the contaminated soil around them; where the dirt paths have been given a coat of concrete; where an attempt has been made to introduce the use of latrines; and where experiments are being tried with improved seeds and imported stock.

Such a visitor is also bound to hear of the disastrous results of some experiment that has gone wrong through error or corruption. A whole area which seemed likely to respond to the missionaries of improvement may be disillusioned and driven back to primitive methods because, for instance, seed provided by the government turns out to be bad – thus justifying the old men who had all along warned the village to pay no heed to innovators.

For those who try to introduce new ways of life the key is to discover in any village a leader of enterprise and imagination, who will stay in his village and work with the community planners instead of feeling that, as an educated man, he must rush off to the town to better himself. Mrs Nair points out that improvement often depends more on the readiness of villagers to work than on technical facilities. Thus a lower-caste village, with poor resources and bad land, often does better than a more fortunately placed one, where caste forbids the farmer to do any labour with his own hands.

Significantly, Mrs Nair found perhaps the greatest progress in two very different areas. In the Punjab, farmers are independent and successfully till their own land. The Punjab gives the impression of great prosperity, and one reason for that suggested by Mrs Nair is that no part of India has been so often invaded or so terribly shaken out of the traditional conservatism that bedevils most of India. Another area which has profited by murder is Telengana, where the landlords were savagely killed by Communists. This was a beastly business, but India needed a social as well as a nationalist revolution. The question remains whether the revolutionary change can be accomplished peacefully.

My plane when I travel to the East is a time-machine. I am excited by the knowledge that I am about to watch the disintegration of the Middle Ages and the beginning of modern history. India is attempting peacefully to jump into the 20th century from an eastern equivalent of feudalism. This is to do in a generation what took Europe three centuries of turmoil and bloodshed. The West had painfully to rid itself of villeinage and all the limitless complexity of land tenure which European historians have patiently unravelled from manorial manuscripts. The process was not completed until, in the 16th century, precious metals from the New World disrupted the traditional economy. It is India rather than Britain which has reached the Elizabethan age today, and the technology of the West is now transforming the East, far more rapidly than the new wealth from America disrupted European society 300 years ago.

Seen in this perspective India's progress from feudalism – the change from 'status to contract' – must seem wonderfully rapid. Yet our age requires even greater speed. Other parts of Asia are moving too fast by comparison and, even more important, the doctors and sanitary engineers have created a new problem which did not trouble medieval Europe. Marvellously, we are achieving death control; but, without birth control, the rapid growth of population outstrips the increase in productivity.

Kusum Nair is right not to despair. There is progress, but it will not become swift enough nor stable, unless the younger generation of Indians, themselves scientifically minded, realise that the progress of their country is not assured or automatic and that it will not be achieved if they are themselves content to sit in cafés in the cities discussing why they are unemployed. The politics of independence are not enough. The task that the 20th century imposes on them is nothing less than to identify themselves with the revolution on the land and to teach themselves how to pass on their new knowledge to the millions of still unrevolutionary peasants.

Albert the First

These, if any, are the days of the bubble reputation. Newspapers can make or break. Public figures need the hide of an elephant and the guile of serpents if they are to hang on to some small residue of private life. Theatre people, being public in a special way, are unusually prone to the incursions of the press; their agents welcome publicity in any form ('a bad notice is better than no notice at all') and many actors and playwrights have learnt to turn a bland and charming cheek towards the smiler with the knife.

Those who haven't, suffer. John Osborne wasted a few months of his life, trying to convert rage at some particularly ugly knife-play in the gossip columns into a satirical musical, producing *The World of Paul Slickey* and his first genuine flop. The occasion of *Luther* this week is thus fraught with irrelevant dangers. For its star, Albert Finney, has had his unhappy brushes with the world of publicity too. Outside the columns of the more responsible reviewers, Osborne-plus-Finney could prove a notable opportunity for scalp-hunting.

Finney was born 25 years ago in Salford, the son of a local bookmaker, and a fourth-generation Albert. He acted in about 15 plays in his local Grammar school and failed his exams twice. A perceptive headmaster suggested at this point that he should try the theatre. 'Apart from sport, acting was the only thing I liked; and, when he saw I was going to fail again, he suggested RADA. I didn't like to ask what RADA was because it sounded so impressive.' He got a scholarship, the Gerald Lawrence, which covered his fees and gave him some pocket money.

Memories of his two-year stay there are keen and enthusiastic: nine out ten for his Richard of Bordeaux at an audition session; the director's note at a Charles Morgan play – 'good – excellent capacity for saying one thing and meaning another'; a thunderous fall, worked out in private ('Can I try this, sir?'), down a twisting staircase, hurlyburly, into a contented heap on the apron. He wore jeans and so on, but he was always tidy in them. He is remembered as a complete professional and he walked off with the Emile Littler prize for the student having the most outstanding character and aptitude for the theatre.

There were offers from Rank and the chance of a West End play. He went straight to the Birmingham Rep. Finney feels strongly about the repertory experience ('actors should be able to play more than one part in a week') and, in fact, ran a gamut of roles at Birmingham that have stood him in good stead since: Face in *The Alchemist*, Tullus Aufidius in *Coriolanus*, and a noteworthy Henry V.

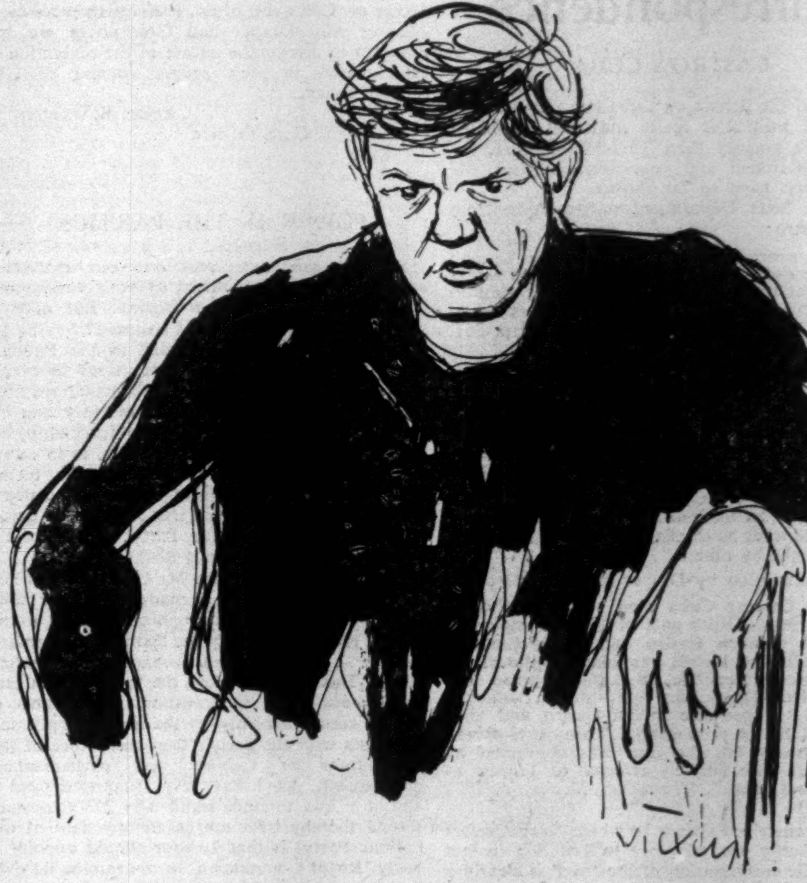
In the autumn of 1957, Oscar Lewenstein read a prescient note in *Encore* and took Laughton up with him to see the young Finney's Macbeth. Alan Dent found this already half as good as Olivier's; Laughton is reported to have said it was 'bloody terrible', but he nevertheless took Finney out for a drink and supper and offered him a supporting role in *The Party*.

Jane Arden's eccentric play, about the arrival of a dipsomaniac dad home from the looney-bin on his daughter's 17th birthday, was to draw mixed notices. Tynan, Trewin, and J. W. Lambert latched on to a short passage between Finney, the bewildered garage-hand squiring the birthday girl, and Laughton, the quivering dipso, as the evening's sole redeeming feature.

After the comparative failure of *The Party*, there was a season at Stratford, during which Finney played Cassio, Lysander, Edgar and the First Citizen in *Coriolanus*. When Olivier hurt his leg, Finney took over as Coriolanus himself, to considerable critical acclaim. But it wasn't a happy time. 'When I first went to Stratford, nothing went right. I found difficulty in learning my lines, my actor's instinct dried up and I was less inventive. My marriage broke up at that time.' He had married Jane Wenham, the actress, in 1957, and he has a son, Simon.

He found, in the middle of the Shakespeare season, that he wanted to do a modern play, something that would let him put his hands in his pockets or light a cigarette. This possibility of boredom is central to understanding Finney. He detests the idea of long runs. 'You can see yourself putting down the same glass in the same place four months from now. That's ridiculous!' It's part of his desire to find himself in the centre of a self-respecting *group* of actors in London, running a repertory of plays, and accounts for the unverifiable rumour that he might go to the Mermaid next summer. It also partly accounts for the peculiar capacity he has shown for estranging those who don't know him very well. On at least two public gala occasions, when being presented with awards, he has embarrassed his cigar-smoking audience by apparently improvised homilies on the hazards to actors of long runs, noisy audiences and anything else he felt like saying. Incapable of emitting a few well-chosen words, his off-stage public face has sometimes irritated other professionals by a clumsy, unactorish candour.

The most famous instance of this 'unprofessional' behaviour came during his run in *Billy Liar* (which followed his inability to play the leading part, written with him in mind by Willis Hall, in *The Long and the Short and the Tall* – he had peritonitis – and the short unhappy life of *The Lily White Boys*). Walking down to the footlights, he delivered himself as follows: 'I'm up here working, so if you won't shut up, go home. And if you won't shut up or go home, *I'm* going home.' Nobody, in the event, went home and there was scattered applause.



It may be unfortunate that *Billy Liar* and the film *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* have given Finney his biggest cosmopolitan chances to date. He himself feels it: 'I suppose, in a way, I could go on playing Arthur Seaton [the hero of *Saturday Night*] for ten years – I'd go mad!' His classical roles have been available to only limited audiences; and that rough, putty face, with the oddly sensitive mouth, that lumbering grace of gesture, like a delicate footballer, hands grimy and skilful over a work-bench or tantalising a raspberry cane into quick improvisations – these impressions have run together in the public mind to form an image of Finney as a sort of talented Ted, an improviser extraordinary, leaning heavily on a rude northern upbringing for his most devastating effects.

The truth, as *Luther* may help to prove, is far from here. That there is a new wave of some kind in the theatre, and that Finney is riding the crest of it, seems undoubted. Most beneficially, the wave is moving from North to South. The geographical facts are impressive. Shelagh Delaney came from Salford, too. Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse grew up together in Leeds, with Peter O'Toole a few streets away. Brian Bedford comes from thereabouts. Kenneth Haigh is Rotherham-born, Tony Richardson comes from Bradford, and Tom Courtenay, the new lead in *Billy Liar*, hails from Hull. The list could be greatly extended.

But the geography of it all can be exaggerated. After all, plenty of actors have always come from north of the Thames. What signifies is the new intransigence of writers and producers – and a changing climate to meet them – that allows these actors to draw on their origins. It's no longer necessary for the budding Olivier to cultivate a country-house alertness: a lot of the social-climbing nonsense and snobbery that went with the business of being a successful actor has been discarded. Finney is almost conscientiously normal, showily un-show-off. He gave up beer and cigarettes for *Luther*, but he likes the occasional pint. He also likes bad films, science fiction and horror epics. He enjoys football and scored the odd goal for the TV All Stars. He is reputed to be fantastically generous, and all his private possessions go comfortably into one suitcase. He reads up on parts, but reading as such he is said to have discovered only last year. On a trip to Leeds, his great pleasure was to have played dominoes with a couple of miners in a back-street pub and won a bob off them; they refused to believe he was an actor. They don't want to be thought of as actors, glamorous creatures apart, these new talents, and they're highly suspicious of actor's *chi-chi*.

There is the risk of a cult, that of the anti-actor. But Finney is unlikely to be its prophet, in fact. His private life he wants to keep private and he wants it free of complications. He shifts house frequently and is genuinely as interested in a camp-bed somewhere as in the Carlton Towers to which he moved for a while during rehearsals for Luther: 'You couldn't *live* there.' He is most alive when he is working and all the testimony proves that he is most himself when utterly absorbed in someone else's *persona*. He will work at technical details – handling a lathe or a fishing-rod – until he knows exactly what he is doing; but this is only the groundwork on which he builds his intense portrayals. He is a character actor in the finest sense, close perhaps to Olivier in this.

What he will do about his impatience with playing the same part night after night is anyone's guess. If *Luther* is the success it promises to be, there may well be a desertion by its leading man somewhere along the run – and more scandal in the press.

Correspondence

CASTRO'S CUBA

Sir, – If the debate on Cuba's revolution is to be at all fruitful it really must be conducted with more honesty than Theodore Draper, the State Department and your correspondent, Mr Goldenberg, have so far shown.

Sample State Department misquotation from Fidel Castro:

> Democracy is that which guarantees to man *not* the right to freedom of thought but *rather* the right to know how to think, the right to know how to read what he or others think. (*Dept. of State Bulletin*, August 1960 p. 331. My italics.)

The correct quotation checked against several independent sources, among them the original Spanish in *El Mundo* on 2 May and the official Cuban government translation into English (both available to the State Department), is as follows:

> Democracy is that which guarantees to man *not only* the right to think *but also* the right to know how to think, the right to know how to write what he thinks, the right to read what is thought by others.

Sample distortion by Draper in *Encounter*:

> And Castro's Cuba even has its equivalent of the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939. Rumours of a deal between Castro and his arch-enemy Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, began to spread last year. One Dominican radio station suddenly started to specialise in pro-Castro and anti-United States propaganda. Then in a speech on January 6th the deal was confirmed by Guevara who publicly referred to Trujillo as 'now our friend'. (*Obra Revolucionaria*, 1961 No. 2.)

The transcribed speech to which Draper refers contains only one reference to Trujillo: in fact this public confirmation of the 'pact' is clearly a heavily ironic reference to Trujillo's opportunist advances.

> . . . governments do not represent peoples in American countries, but always have to protect themselves from the people. This is the dichotomy – the stronger the dominant oligarchy the less it has to worry. Trujillo – now our friend – has no problems nor has Tacho Somoza nor Duvalier nor that sort ('*gente de esa*', a pejorative expression) . . . no not Tacho . . . what's his name? . . . little Luis. They do not find it hard to support the US.

I suppose Cuba also has a pact with Nicaragua's dictator Somoza because he is referred to by the 'affectionate' diminutive *Luisito* (little Luis). These and many other distortions are examined in a supplement to the forthcoming *New Left Review* and perhaps they help to explain the divergence referred to by Mr Goldenberg between Draper's Cuba and that of Sartre, Mills and Kingsley Martin. Incidentally the editors of *Encounter* have seen fit to reproduce in their magazine two long letters they wrote to *Time & Tide* defending Draper's and their position but somehow omitted to reprint either the original critique of Draper or the two replies to their letter.

Mr Goldenberg unfortunately copies these methods of discussion.

(1) He quotes one word ('succumbs') out of context from a ten-page article in *New Left Review*.

(2) He refers to a source inaccessible to most of your readers (Economist Intelligence Unit quarterly reports cost £10 a year). In fact even the US Department of Agriculture statistics used by the EIU Report record the success of the diversification programme: rising yields of maize, rice, coffee, etc.

(3) He states incorrectly that the Cuban government offices do not publish statistics: I have two sources before me as I write, both published in the second quarter of this year (i.e. *Cuba Azuca, Trabajo*). Also, as a studious reader of Draper, Mr Goldenberg ought to have noticed that he quotes, in a garbled form, the INRA 1961 report.

When Fidel Castro, Che Guevara, the *Time & Tide* correspondent Anderson and others are heard, and heard correctly, then perhaps the debate on Cuba can begin. Perhaps then we can discover why Draper and Goldenberg are so reluctant to discuss the nature of the revolution's achievements in their proper context of US foreign policy.

Robin Blackburn

36 Queens Gate Terrace
SW7

POWER IN THE PARTIES

Sir, – I cannot trespass on your space to answer all the points raised by your correspondence on 'Power in the Parties'. But may I summarise my reply to Mr Crossman?

Of course, power is divided in the Labour Party (as it is in varying proportions in every political party) between the parliamentarians and their supporters outside. And obviously one of the principal tasks of any party leadership, as I showed in *British Political Parties*, is to carry their followers outside parliament with them, which often involves making important concessions to their views. (This also happens on occasion in the Conservative Party: *cf* Baldwin's troubles after the General Strike.)

But I would argue that Mr Crossman has not substantiated the claim he made in his first letter that events since Scarborough confirm his thesis that in the Labour Party the 'extra-parliamentary party . . . [is] the *final authority* on policy issues'. This is, in my view, the 'myth' which gets the Labour Party into constant trouble, since it can be reconciled only by the most complicated processes with the party's firm acceptance of the conventions of Cabinet and parliamentary government. All I have ever suggested (and I am at a loss to understand why Mr Crossman should thereby treat me as an opponent of the Labour Party) is that Labour should appoint a party 'Royal Commission' to re-examine its own decision-making processes and to study the procedures used by Socialist parties elsewhere to avoid some of the internal complications which have plagued the Labour Party and hampered its effectiveness.

However, in my current dispute with Mr Crossman I accept the arbitration of the *Guardian*. After summarising our two views, it wrote in an editorial on 13 July: 'The aftermath of Scarborough has shown that Mr McKenzie was right . . . the real significance of Mr Gaitskell's victory is that it has enormously increased the power of the parliamentary leadership and made the party conference less important than it has ever been'.

Robert McKenzie

London School of Economics
WC2

CHILD RAPE

Sir, – One can well understand the normal reactions of ordinary people to the individual whose internal stresses can make him want to commit a vicious and impulsive crime. Those who have had some experience themselves of the strange paths an emotional disturbance can take might have something useful, and perhaps different, to say.

Some years ago I fell ill with a breakdown which first manifested itself as a functional digestive disturbance and nervous exhaustion. I went into hospital and after eight months' treatment with psychotherapy by a succession of trainee doctors was discharged. I continued psychotherapy as an out-patient and began about this time to be troubled by thoughts and impulses of an irrational and compulsive sort which were dreadfully unfamiliar to me (I had up to the time of my breakdown been a fairly extroverted and active person), some of them merely incongruous and absurd, others of a sadistic and self-destructive nature. This continued until I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to undergo an analysis on Jungian lines by an experienced psycho-analyst.

The point I would like to make and which I think is worth making is this: there is the possibility even in such a situation, and provided the personality has not been too gravely undermined, for the individual to exercise his powers of choice. One could be harassed all day for weeks and months by terrifying impulses and yet come through. Unlike the condition of those afflicted with certain obsessional symptoms or panic anxiety states the will *can* be used.

Of course these people need understanding and treatment but I also think that in the absence of both, many of them are capable of a degree of heroic control. That they are in such a plight and often without recourse may be a reflection on our society, but society may not be absolutely wrong in condemning those whose control fails them. I have come to the conclusion that life is a hard business for the 'normal' as well as for the 'abnormal' individual and each may be tested to the utmost limit of his powers in the struggle to exercise moral responsibility.

'No Longer Alarmed'

WRETCHED BELOE

Sir, – I don't suppose there's another professor in the country who can do a shrewder job than Boris Ford did last week in his article on these wretched Beloe proposals for a Secondary Modern examination. But is the battle already so utterly lost?

I know we've got to have some examinations and I've heard all about what the employers want and I know we live in a society which is neurotically plagued with certificates, titles and a lot more junk. But I can't, by a long chalk, be the only teacher who believes that all examinations are anti-educational nuisances – and the fewer we have the better. Foist this new exam on the Secondary Modern schools if you like, but please remember that its inception, practice and results have nothing to do with education. It needs to be said somewhere in your journal that as far as the quality of classroom teaching goes, the Secondary Modern examination will be just as big a hindrance as the GCE is in Grammar schools. And while we're at it, isn't it time we took a long look at what this final piece of labelling will do in hardening the rigid stratifications of our class and educational systems?

Brian Jackson

57 Scotland Road
Cambridge

A LOOK AT PUBLISHING

Sir, – I don't know whether it was you or Karl Miller who sent out the invitations to that rowdy publishing party in the New Statesman a fortnight ago. But I do think it was a bit rude not to ask any of us hard-working hard-cover publishing boys to join in the fun. After all, even John Coleman says we 'aren't marginal' and I suppose this means he thinks we're necessary, even if not likeable. Of course, I do realise entirely why you can't ask Norah, because Clancy says she and other women publishers don't exist. Chatto and Windus should really stop paying a salary to a ghost or to a transvestite.

Two of your party-goers stole my favourite toy, the title of my very own book, *An Occupation for Gentlemen*. Clancy seemed to think it implied that we (or was it only me?) were 'mildly incompetent'. Really Clancy is a naughty boy, for we paid him quite a decent advance without any 'extraordinary expression of wounded delicacy' which he seems to think is normal practice. And we sold quite a lot of copies of his book, too. The miners said it painted a shockingly untrue picture of them and their wives, and banned it from their libraries. But 'classbound and uninformed about life as it is lived (especially in Britain)', as Clancy remarks, I can't judge.

There's rather a lot about class in Clancy's piece, in fact it struck me he was rather classconscious. But at least I know now why Clancy has been so tongue-tied with me that I could never get a word in edgeways – it's because 'bold civilised conversation' with a publisher educated in a public school is 'virtually impossible'. Curse my parents who sent me to Westminster! Damn Clancy for not telling me before! Too late I realise that 'his best author won't tell him'.

Tony, I thought, behaved awfully well at the party, brandishing his only too real literary dustbowl in his experienced hands. But the cannibalisation of literature by paperback houses is much too serious a game for a party. Blind man's buff would be better, or a healthy pastime like Russian roulette.

But it was Walter who made the funniest remark of all the kids. 'There is nothing,' he said, 'assuming they feel the need and can afford to do so, to prevent British publishers buying up publishing houses in New York.' If only I'd been there to hear you say it, I'd have died laughing.

Do please ask me and some of my little friends to your next nice party. I'm taking a special course on class *un*consciousness during the next Aldermaston march, and I'm having my wisdom teeth out, in case they're the source of my trouble.

Your ever-loving chum,
FREDRIC WARBURG

SIR, – May I, as an old public-school reprobate of a publisher, take up your contributor Clancy Sigal on a small point of fact? 'Women? In *British* publishing?' he wrote, 'Pardon me while I go round the corner for a beer and a short laugh'. Can it be that he has never heard of Louisa Callendar of Heinemann's, of Janet Gow of Sidgwick & Jackson, of Norah Smallwood of Chatto's, of Miss Frost of The Studio or Mrs Shelton of Ginn's? All these either are, or were until recently, full-time active directors of the firms concerned, and being less completely out of touch with life than their male colleagues would be quite capable of 'bold, civilised conversation' with 'Dear Charlie'. I except Virginia Woolf, who helped found the Hogarth Press, for she belonged to another generation.

And if we are talking about publishing (which I believe was your subject) as opposed to publishers, what about the literary agents with whom, if he takes your contributor's warning to heart, Charlie would be wise to deal? There is Miss Patience Ross of A. M. Heath, Miss Margaret Stephens of A. D. Peters, Miss Jean Leroy of David Higham Associates, Miss Barber of the Society of Authors, Miss O'Hea and Miss Piggott of Curtis Brown, Miss Towers and Miss Winant of Richmond Towers, Miss Joyce Weiner and Miss Christine Campbell Thomson and . . . but this is becoming absurd. One could go on indefinitely. And many of the readers who would read – and just conceivably reject – 'Dear Charlie's' work would be female too. No woman in British publishing? Well, we may be a queer lot, but we're not quite as queer as *that*.

IAN PARSONS

Chatto & Windus

DOG-HATERS?

SIR, – The blood rushed to my finger-tips when I saw Charon's reference to 'professional dog-haters like Tom Driberg'.

'Professional'? Who pays me? 'Dog-hater'? This is the gravest charge that can be made against a British politician; and, as I am already under investigation on another charge and may at any moment want to follow Mr Nixon's example and appear on television with a doggy pal, I must assure Charon that his dreadful accusation is unfounded. I like some dogs and dislike others, just as I like some people (or children) and dislike others – without, I hope, being taken for a misanthrope: why should a reasonable fastidiousness be interpreted as indiscriminate hostility?

Does Charon really *like* Cerberus? If he does, he won't mind if some of us, instead of obols, bring a few extra sops.

TOM DRIBERG

MORE ABOUT THE TELLY

SIR, – You invite me to review a book: and then enlist a second writer, ostensibly to review another book, actually to attack my review, complete of course with offensive personal remarks. A quaint proceeding. Not that I mind. Mr Hampshire's comments are irrelevant to my theme. I was discussing an event in recent history – the ending of the BBC's monopoly – not devising an ideal, let alone a 'Socialist' solution for television. Professor Wilson's book argued that the monopoly was broken by a sinister pressure group. I claimed that the group, in any case not particularly powerful, was not sinister and that the monopoly was broken by a general impatience with the BBC's pontifical assertions.

I gave no endorsement to the present system of commercial television, mistakenly called 'independent'; indeed I specifically condemned it. Like Mr Hampshire, I am on the side of unpopular and original views. These are not promoted by the BBC; nor will they be protected by some rival Public Authority, such as Mr Hampshire asks for. This is like dreaming of an Established Church devoted to the propagation of heresy. Such things do not happen. Heresy comes only from Independents. There is a simple solution in television – freedom of choice for the viewer. Pay As You View provides this. It is advocated, I am glad to see, by Mr Stanley, one of the maligned pressure group. I have yet to hear it advocated by the BBC or by our guardians of culture. But I have every hope that Mr Hampshire will join me in the Pay As You View lobby. Minorities can then see what they want; and majorities can do the same.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

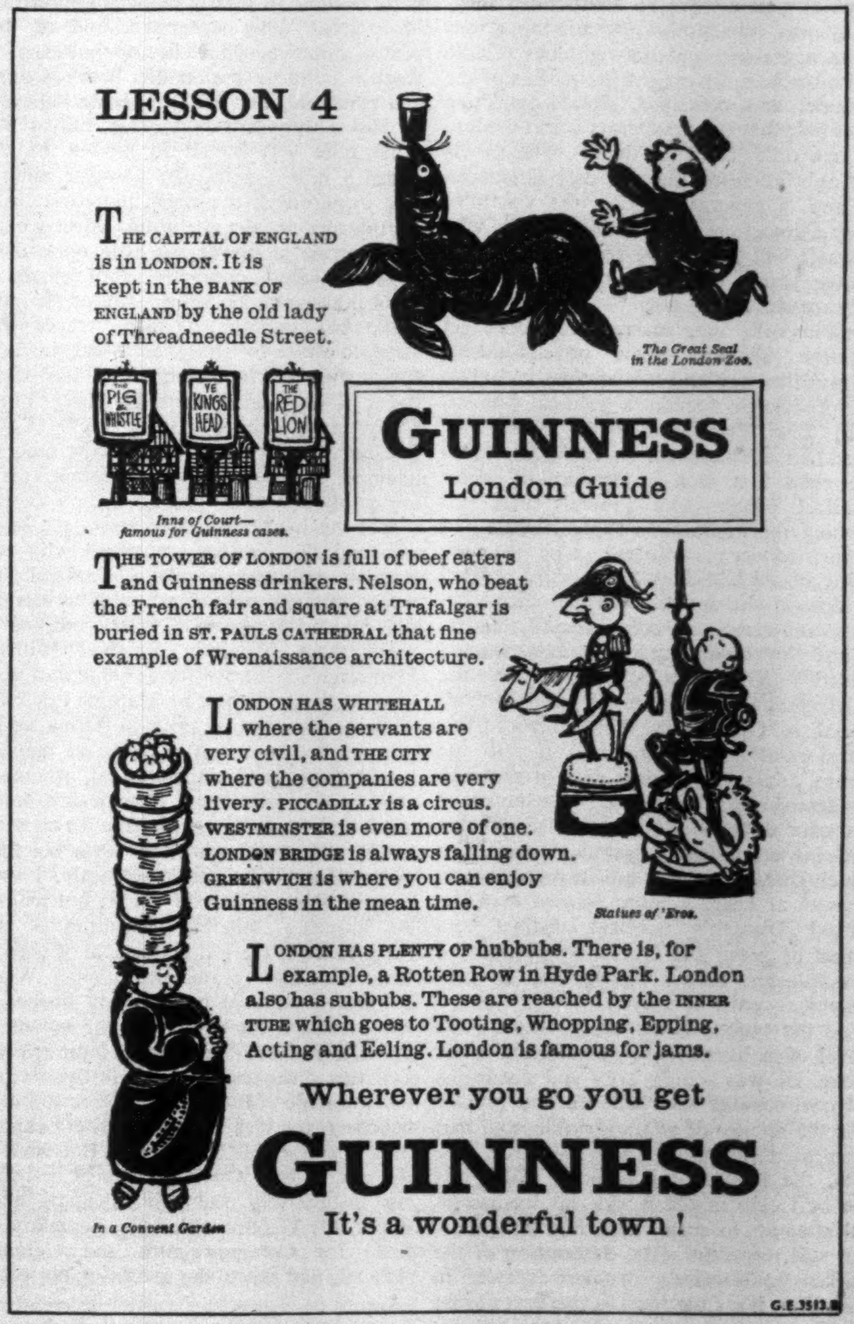
Magdalen College
Oxford

SIR, – Alan Taylor is fully entitled to call himself an irresponsible figure, if he wishes to do so; and who am I to deny it? But I strongly object to being 'included in'. The facts clearly belie it.

How can an elderly and portly Peer of the Realm be an 'irresponsible figure'? Imagination boggles at the thought.

BOOTHBY

House of Lords
SW1



LESSON 4

THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND is in LONDON. It is kept in the BANK OF ENGLAND by the old lady of Threadneedle Street.

The Great Seal in the London Zoo.

Inns of Court—famous for Guinness cases.

GUINNESS
London Guide

THE TOWER OF LONDON is full of beef eaters and Guinness drinkers. Nelson, who beat the French fair and square at Trafalgar is buried in ST. PAULS CATHEDRAL that fine example of Wrenaissance architecture.

LONDON HAS WHITEHALL where the servants are very civil, and THE CITY where the companies are very livery. PICCADILLY is a circus. WESTMINSTER is even more of one. LONDON BRIDGE is always falling down. GREENWICH is where you can enjoy Guinness in the mean time.

Statues of 'Eros.

LONDON HAS PLENTY OF hubbubs. There is, for example, a Rotten Row in Hyde Park. London also has subbubs. These are reached by the INNER TUBE which goes to Tooting, Whopping, Epping, Acting and Eeling. London is famous for jams.

In a Convent Garden

Wherever you go you get
GUINNESS
It's a wonderful town!

G.E.3513.B

BOOKS IN GENERAL

No Sex for Johnnie

PAUL JOHNSON

Even in England, no activity arouses a higher degree of passion and ambition than politics. Westminster brings out the best and worst in a man more faithfully than any other institution. Yet few novelists have gone there in search of material, and fewer still have succeeded in finding it. The English political novel is a lunar landscape, in which one or two giant protuberances survey desolate plains of failure. Only Disraeli and Wells have produced enduring novels of political ideas, only Trollope convincing novels of political fact. True, these three were outstandingly successful. Disraeli's *Sybil* and *Coningsby* came at a time when an aristocratic obligarchy was reluctantly surrendering power to an aggressive and self-righteous middle class. In them, he caught the pathos of the struggle, and perceived, with astonishing foresight, that the aristocrats could conjure up new allies from the depths. The novels not only mirrored the age, they influenced it; and, a generation later, the vision of Tory Democracy materialised. This is why Disraeli will always be read, at any rate by the young. The characters are dead – they never really lived – but the ideas tremble with life, marry, divorce, beget children. Disraeli wrote novels purely to make money and win notoriety. But in the process he became a political thinker.

In *The New Machiavelli* Wells also straddled a watershed. In 1906, the working class first won a measure of direct political power. The Liberal elite, still echoing the aristocratic Whig tradition of public service, reinforced now by the spirit of middle-class 'leadership' created by Arnold and Jowett, held the offices; but their authority was being steadily undermined by unsmiling men and women armed with blue-books and statistics, the unromantic impedimenta of gas-and-water Socialism. Once again, Wells mirrored this transformation and projected it into the future, adding a personal note of criticism by describing, with relish, the triumph of sex over duty. Wells was a born novelist and his story has a technical excellence which Disraeli never attained; yet, although he was at heart a more serious man, he lacked Disraeli's political instinct and failed to grasp the crucial importance of Westminster: thus his novel has no geographical centre of gravity.

At the other end of the spectrum – the novel of political fact – Trollope is quite alone. He was a high Tory and a successful civil servant who believed that politics was the science of administration, and that men mattered more than measures. For him, the House of Commons really was the best club in the world; his unsuccessful attempts to enter it left him chagrined, but still respectful. (His description of the broken millionaire's drunken speech in *The Way We Live Now* is the best House of Commons scene in English fiction.) Trollope, like Wells – and Disraeli at the time of the novels – lived on the political fringes and was fascinated by the mystery at the core. As he lumbered heavily through the clubs and salons of Mayfair, his mind pondered on the rise and fall of reputations. Who was up, or down; and why? What went on in the Prime Minister's mind? How exactly was Lord ——— squeezed out of the cabinet? Untrammelled by any concern over issues, Trollope was able to resolve these questions with passionless accuracy (it is not surprising he is the favourite reading of Mr Macmillan). In *The Prime Minister* he presented an utterly convincing portrait of a great Whig statesman, and of the central dilemma which lies at the heart of English politics: the conflict between duty and principle. The Whig magnate believed he had a duty to retain office, but at the same time was bound in honour to relinquish it if a principle, however minor, was jeopardised; the clash, moreover, was complicated by the corrupting effect which the exercise of power has even upon men of the highest character, for principles seem less vital as office endures. In the Duke of Omnium, Trollope traces the struggle phase by phase, as it was, in fact, fought out within the minds of the Marquess of Hartington, Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby and – in our own day – Lord Salisbury. Here is a rare, perhaps unique, example of a novelist's imagination creating political truth.

Yet the list, as we have seen, is a brief one and the question remains: why are English political novels so difficult to write? Young politicians, with a literary flair and no prospects of office, continue to write them. Recently we had Wilfred Fienburgh's *No Love for Johnnie* and now comes a fresh attempt by Maurice Edelman – a galvanic colonial crisis in Africa, complicated by love and jealousy at cabinet level.* Both, within their limits, are readable books; but, apart from a few technical details, both could have been written by somebody who had never set foot in the House of Commons. Partly, I suppose, this is a failure of talent; but mainly the immense, inherent difficulties of the task. There is the initial obstacle of names. How does one create authenticity? When I wrote a political novel set in France, I was criticised for employing the names of real ministers, off-stage. True, some readers find this dishonest, and it has the further disadvantage of limiting the action to backbenchers, for clearly real ministers cannot play a major role in the plot. But what is the alternative? One's hackles of disbelief rise instinctively when Mr Edelman introduces 'Mr Geoffrey Melville, Secretary of State for Commonwealth and Colonial Affairs', and when the guests at his cocktail party assemble, credibility vanishes:

> . . . Bagnari the sculptor, the Lord Chamberlain, Gregory Broome, three young MPs, two of them with model girl wives, Sir Brian Upjohn, Marcus Prebble-Keir, Sir Gareth Meade, the Curator of the National Gallery, Lord Claddishe, Lord Ardrossan, Sir Julian Greenhill Waters . . .

One expects to see Sir Alec Guinness acting them all, simultaneously.

The second, more serious difficulty springs from the almost total absence of drama from English political life. Our politics not only are, *but are known to be* both honourable and dull. The novelist must have a certain basic diet of wickedness and incident; forced to invent these, against the character of the world he describes, he raises the barrier of disbelief still further. The French and the Americans do not suffer from this deficiency. *All the King's Men* and *Advise and Consent* may be criticised on various grounds, but not on credibility; while, since 1945, France has had 16 major political scandals, each stranger than fiction.

But in Britain even historic moments are played in a minor key. Lord Dalton recently dredged up the worst anecdotes of Labour's rule and misrule; but his narrative was singularly lacking in real drama, if not in malice. When Lord Randolph Churchill sent in his disastrous resignation, the only intimation the inhabitants of Hatfield received was when Lord Salisbury failed to appear at breakfast – scarcely a scene of high tension. The histrionics of English politics have an irritating way of failing to materialise. The plot is laid, the cast assembles; then all dissolves in a mist of good manners. At the height of the struggle to replace A. J. Balfour, the two contenders, Walter Long and Sir Austen Chamberlain, almost came to blows on the steps of the Carlton Club. Almost; in fact, they shook hands and agreed to compromise on Bonar Law. When Lord Curzon was cheated of his life's aim, the premiership, his instinct was to gnaw the carpet and, like Lear, invoke cataracts and hurricanes; in fact, he pulled himself together and made a charming speech welcoming the elevation of Mr Baldwin. Only rarely do the characters reach the level of the history they are making, and when this happens – as in the overthrow of Asquith in 1916, or the Suez crisis in 1956 – the novelist is otiose; the historian collects the spoils.

The third great obstacle an English political novelist faces is sex. The conventions of the modern novel demand that sex play a major role and that it be extramarital, if not unnatural. Here again, the French and the Americans are at an advantage.

The career of the late Earl Long shows that an American public man can still openly consort with bubble-dancers while preserving popular esteem. English politicians enjoy no such liberty, nor, I should add, do they seriously seek it. How can they seduce a woman when, at the climacteric hour of 10 o'clock, they must hurtle back to Westminster to answer the division bell (French parliamentarians can vote by proxy, while Americans rarely vote at all)? How can they, like French deputies, enjoy the delights of an afternoon in bed when all important ministerial statements take place at 3.30?

---

* *The Minister. Hamish Hamilton*, 16s.

The novelist, alas, must leap these barriers, and the result is invariably comic. Mr Fienburgh asks us to believe that his hero was dallying with his girl-friend when the Speaker called his vital Question. But I can think of no Member, however dissolute, who would hesitate an instant between his mistress (always supposing he had one) and the chance of snatching a headline in the *Evening Standard*. Still less do I believe Mr Edelman, when he obliges his harried Colonial Secretary to spend hours in the bed of an actress while Africa is seething. It is exceptionally difficult for a British Minister (who is not protected, like his French colleagues, by a discreet *cabinet* of intimates) to conduct any sort of liaison, however innocent. I myself know of only one member of the present cabinet who has had an affair while in office (admittedly, it was with a peeress). No: in the light of these limitations, we can safely assume that English politics will never provide the novelist with his bread and butter.

Ces Gens de Toulouse

Voltaire and the Calas Case. By EDNA NIXON. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The Calas Affair. By DAVID BIEN. *Oxford.* 32*s.*

The capital of Languedoc, 'the most religious city of Toulouse', did not win that title for nothing: if orthodoxy there was aggressive and intolerant it was because it had established itself over the broken but never entirely subdued spirit of Dissent. In the 13th century the Albigensians, in the 16th the Huguenots had to be destroyed by a positive crusade: the great Cathedral of Albi is built on blood-soaked ground: the annual festival of the *Délivrance* commemorated the final massacre of the Huguenots on 17 May 1562. Thereafter the *Capitouls*, the municipality of Toulouse, maintained unspotted orthodoxy; but they could never feel quite safe. In 1619, they felt safer when they had burnt Vanini in the Place du Salin; even after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Huguenot underground – *les Eglises du Désert* – stretching across Southern France, reached their holy gates; and in 1762, to celebrate the bicentenary of the *Délivrance*, in an ill hour for themselves, they judicially murdered the Huguenot mercer, Jean Calas.

Thanks to Voltaire, the Calas case is famous in history. But for him, we might never have heard of it. It was the first of the four great cases of persecution and injustice to whose reversal he devoted a part of his volcanic old age. In 1762 he was the established hero of liberal Europe, and although he took the precaution of living in Geneva, or at Ferney within bolting-distance of the Swiss frontier, his fame and contacts were such that he could, if he wished, mobilise even the Establishment of France against the intolerance of the Church. And what greater or more odious act of intolerance could there be than the Calas case?

When Dominique Audibert, a Protestant merchant of Marseilles, came hot-foot from Toulouse to Geneva to report it, Voltaire, who ran a temperature every anniversary of the massacre of St Bartholomew, began a fever which lasted (he said) for three years. Audibert's account was completed by the arrival of Donat Calas, the 15-year-old son of Jean Calas, who stayed for many weeks at Voltaire's house. Once sure of his facts, Voltaire's whole gigantic energy was aroused; he set up an informal committee with the Protestant pastors of Geneva, spent his money freely, briefed lawyers, wrote thousands of letters. He aroused the urbane but undynamic minister, the Duc de Choiseul. He converted the greatest nobleman of Languedoc, the Duc de Richelieu. He mobilised the King's mistress, the redoubtable Madame de Pompadour: *'ces gens de Toulouse'*, she wrote, *'ont la tête chaude, et plus de religion, à leur manière, qu'il ne leur en faut pour être bons chrétiens. Dieu veuille les convertir et les rendre plus humains'*.

The magistrates of Toulouse were less easy to convert than the dukes and the royal mistress. After all, they had done the deed. Without a shred of evidence, and on the basis of the grossest calumnies whose only strength was the blessing of the Church, they had caused Jean Calas to be imprisoned, tortured, broken on the wheel and exposed to die in the Place du Salin. The charge was the murder of his eldest son, Marc-Antoine. It was in vain that the whole Calas family, and their guest Gaubert Lavaysse, protested the truth, showing that Marc-Antoine had committed suicide by hanging himself. The Church and the magistrates insisted that the father, aided by a younger son, had murdered Marc-Antoine to forestall or punish his imagined conversion to Catholicism. To document the charge, they stated that Protestants customarily did such things and indeed were commanded by their clergy to do them; to show that they believed what they said, they gave to the corpse of Marc-Antoine, not the public indignities due to a heretic and a suicide, but the splendid funeral of a martyred convert, with solemn requiem mass in the cathedral; and to prove themselves right they imprisoned the whole family and thus excluded them (and indeed other witnesses) from court. No wonder that the uncommitted world was horrified; but no wonder also that the *Capitouls* and *Parlement* of Toulouse, once committed, fought hard to cover the truth.

They fought to the end. They raised economic, legal, constitutional obstacles. When defeated, when Paris had righted, as far as possible, the crimes of Toulouse, they still obstructed justice. They refused to pay any indemnity: it was Louis XVI who pensioned the widow Calas. They secured the suppression of a commemorative engraving designed to raise funds for the family. They tore the records of the Calas case out of their archives. And in the days of reaction, after 1815, they even found a defender. It was–need one say – that great 'enemy of liberty', the champion of the social role of the executioner, Joseph de Maistre. 'Nothing has been less proved, Messieurs, I assure you', he wrote, 'than the innocence of Calas. There are a thousand reasons to doubt it, even to believe the contrary'. De Maistre, it may be added, though he found his spiritual home in Czarist Russia, was a native of that most religious region of France, Languedoc.

Today no one is persuaded by such voices. Voltaire has won. There is no further question of the facts. But how, we ask, could it have happened? What caused the people of Toulouse to believe – genuinely to believe – that their Protestant neighbours did such

The Age War

NOWADAYS age is probably as important as class in determining how people talk, how they dress and how they look at life. Of course there has always been a certain amount of friction between young and old, and both enjoy the martyrdom of being slightly misunderstood. But we are now approaching a complete breakdown in communication between age-groups.

A very refreshing thing about The Observer is that it frequently gives the points of view of both sides in the Age War. Bridget Colgan, for example, when she writes about avoiding frustrations in babies never forgets that parents get frustrated too. And a recent correspondence following the series "Miserable Married Women" included a tart lecture from a 7-year-old girl who thought that women should look after their children properly and try to love them, and if they are bored why did they have them in the first place?

Fads Exposed

Somehow or other, The Observer seems to have posted spies in most of the age-cliques, and as soon as anything new happens, whether it's a major trend or a minor fad, back come intelligence reports that are informative, unselfconscious and equally free from the stuffiness that plagues some ageing writers and the private intolerance that walls in some young ones.

Why did teenagers flock to buy music that sounds like a needle-scratchy dance record of the late twenties? What makes the staid and middle-aged rush lemming-like to Sunday afternoon tombola sessions? Both of these questions have recently been answered in The Observer.

Fogeys Defended

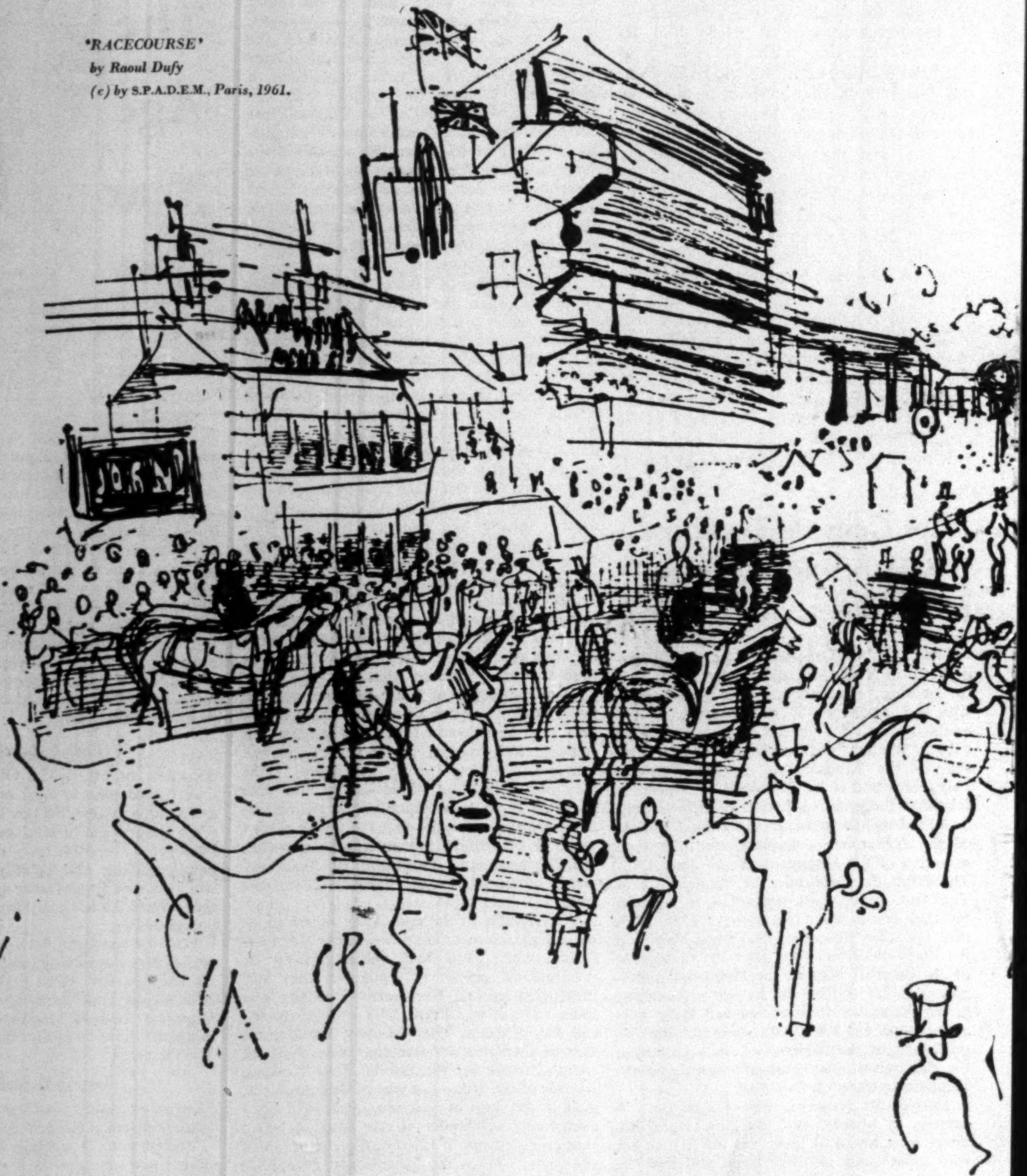
New waves and old guard meet hostilely but on reasonably equal terms in the review pages.

The Observer is generally among the first to notice new movements in writing, art and music. Yet recently Harold Nicolson published a spirited and witty defence of literary old-fogeyism.

More important, the atmosphere of the paper makes it possible for the different ages to talk freely and frankly about touchy subjects. They've just concluded a discussion on "Teens and Sex" that was thoughtful, unsensational and very helpful as a basis for discussion.

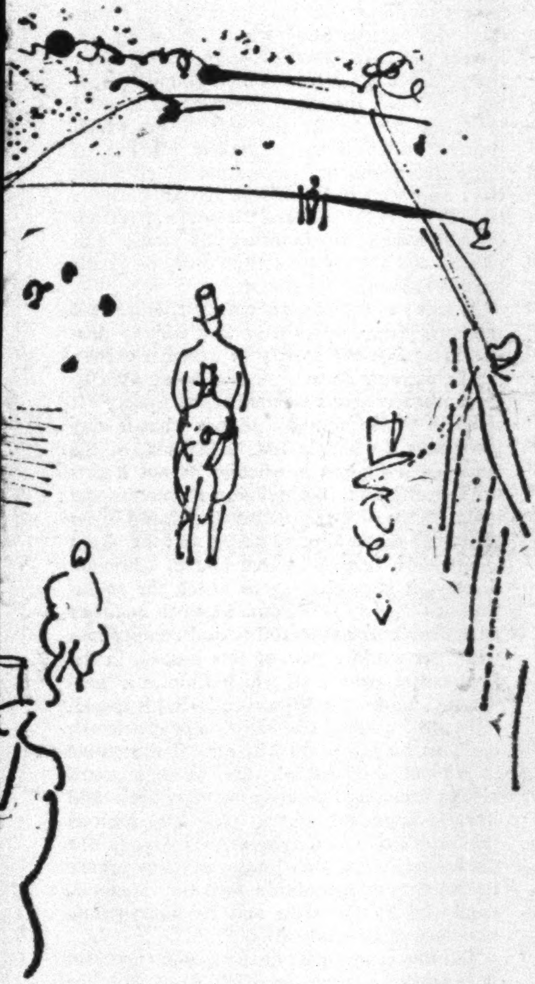
Just for the way in which it helps you keep up with how the other age-half lives, The Observer is worth every penny of the sixpence it costs. But this isn't the only reason for taking it.

J.B.L.



'RACECOURSE'
by Raoul Dufy
(c) by S.P.A.D.E.M., Paris, 1961.

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED · 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE · LONDON SW1 *Founded in 1888*



At your leisure...

"Fine day for the race." The old joke.

The human race. And the human race—

or quite a few of it—goes to the races for its leisure.

and quite a few of *them* go racing by car

and *all* of them use petrol to do that,

and quite a few of *them* use Esso.

Petrol, of course, is only one part of our business—

not even a very big part, when you think

of all the ships and planes and trains and tractors

and industrial furnaces we have to keep going as well.

But it has a big part to play

in getting you humans to the races . . . or helping you

to enjoy your summer leisure

in pleasant and exciting places.

Esso

DARRELL
BATES
The Shell at my Ear
An ironic and perceptive chronicle of the joys and pains of growing up by the author of *A Fly-switch from the Sultan*, whose story-telling has been likened by Eric Linklater and the *Economist* to Sir Arthur Grimble's.
18s

James Agate
AN ANTHOLOGY
Introduced by Alan Dent
'The extracts from the nine famous *Egos* and other writings suggest how much personal charm there was in one who was (as *The Times* put it) "boyishly enchanted with the astonishing romance of his professional career." And Agate's reason for being so enchanted was that he himself was "the astonishing romance".' SUNDAY TELEGRAPH
21s

Peter Fleming
GOODBYE TO THE BOMBAY BOWLER
'This last Strix selection from the *Spectator* indicates no scraping of the barrel-bottom. These twoscore pieces buoyantly uphold Mr Fleming's reputation as a master of the politely comic.' PUNCH
15s

VAHÉ KATCHA
The Hook & An Eye for an Eye
These two compulsively readable short novels in one volume are concerned with what happens to fairly normal lives when a black obsession is thrust on them out of the blue.
13s 6d

HART-DAVIS

things? Mrs Nixon, in her readable, enthusiastic narrative, does not face this difficult problem, perhaps the only problem which still engages us; but fortunately it has been faced in a more scholarly work which appeared last year and has evidently escaped her notice. In *The Calas Affair*, Mr David Bien shows that intellectual hatred of Protestantism was almost dead in Toulouse by 1761, but that social hatred – not the hatred of an economic group (the Toulouse Protestants were too few for that) but of an 'out-group' – was strong, and the Protestants were chosen as particularly vulnerable scapegoats in times of panic, depression or frustration. The time of the Calas affair was such a time, as was illustrated by another incident: an imaginary Protestant revolt at Caussade led to a wild panic and the judicial murder of a Protestant minister and the three brothers Rochette, before exultant Catholic crowds, in the same Place du Salin.

Those who were prepared to believe anything of Protestants were always those who did not know them: they persecuted Protestants not as persons but as stereotypes – stereotypes of all that was 'un-French'. They were the 'Church and King' *bons bourgeois*, and they were hardly less disapproving of that other 'out-group', the Jesuits. Having seen anti-semitic hysteria in Germany and anti-communist hysteria in America, we recognise the type. For this purely sociological reason I do not feel that Mr Bien proves much when he shows that anti-Protestant hysteria evaporated in Toulouse soon after the Calas affair. The direction may change, but the mood can stay. Fanaticism is local and social, not intellectual. It was the most religious areas of Germany which were the homes of Nazism; it was the most religious country of Spain which produced the most bestial of civil wars; and in the most religious province of Languedoc, one of the bigots whose account of the panic at Caussade is quoted by Mr Bien has a name which has since become disagreeably, if ephemerally familiar in those parts: Poujade.

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

Peculiar People

Sects and Society. By BRYAN WILSON. *Heinemann. 35s.*

Priests and People. By CONOR WARD. *Liverpool UP. 25s.*

The 'general reader' has an obstinate prejudice in favour of books that are readable. He may also doubt whether sociology, particularly when it is concerned with religion, may be regarded as an exact science; and if it isn't one, he will not be shocked if sociologists present the results of their personal observation and judgment (as Charles Booth did, 'to give life to statistics') rather than simply summarise their research in formal tables.

Statistics may, indeed, be useful: it is interesting to learn from Dr Wilson, for instance, that of London's 233 Christian Science practitioners not one is resident in the East End (though there are 58 in Kensington), or that Christadelphian converts in 1883-84 included one architect, one farmer, one capmaker, one cheesemonger, seven railwaymen, and 15 domestic servants.

Both Dr Wilson and Dr Ward, however, seem aware of the aridity – indeed, the futility – of the almost exclusive reliance on sociological studies and demographic analyses, and on 'quantitative and statistical techniques', which Dr Ward attributes to some French exponents of *sociologie religieuse*. Of course, there are opposite dangers, too. Dr Wilson could not have done his research at all if he had not lived for considerable periods, and on friendly terms, among members of the three 'sects' which form his subject matter; and since, without sharing their beliefs, he came to feel a 'sincere and sympathetic' respect for them personally, there must have been some temptation to 'pull punches' in describing their wilder vagaries. The nearest to personal comment that he occasionally permits himself is a gentle irony.

Again, Dr Ward's study is concerned with a single Roman Catholic parish in Liverpool: he is himself a Roman Catholic priest, 'immediately identifiable as such'. This had the advantage that doors were at once opened to him, and parishioners cooperated willingly in the interviews. But there was a very definite risk that the 'right', rather than the true, answer would be given. (A female 'detached observer', employed to check the presence of any such bias, found that in her interviews the same parishioners showed 'a desire not to let the side down which resulted in an almost complete absence of critical comment or information which might have appeared unfavourable to the Catholic Church'.) Both writers, however, refrain generalisations unsupported by facts and figures, and are always scrupulously on guard against subjective judgments.

A 'sect', as sociologists define it, is a small religious group, apart from and usually protesting against the society in which it exists: 'in its extreme form . . . somewhat akin to the anthropologist's isolated tribal society'. It is *not* a 'denomination': that is what it may grow into. (A simple test, in Britain, of the status of a Church is whether or not it gets time on the air: BBC religion represents 'the main stream of the Christian tradition'.) In Dr Wilson's studies, particularly of the Elim Foursquare Gospel Church and of Christian Science, it is fascinating to watch the evolution of the sect (as of some idealistic political party) towards respectability and compromise with 'the world': part of this process in the Pentecostal groups, of which Elim is a 'subspecies', is what Dr Wilson calls, in his special prose, 'the gradual routinisation of charisma'; it is also, he points out, 'the radical alternative to vicinal segregation'. The process seems almost inevitable because, as sects grow and have to cope with secular problems, such as the problem of military service among the Christadelphians, they must 'develop organs to function in accordance with the categories employed by the state and its bureaucratic structure of administration'.

But this is only part of the familiar pattern: it is hardly enough, in itself, to explain the constant recurrence, in sects as in parties, of schisms and heresies, personal struggles for power, splinter groups and expulsions, the conflict between doctrinal purity and secular adjustment, between the charismatic leader and the administrator (soon called the Secretary-General) who runs the machines. 'There is an inevitable attenuation of values in all protest movements over time', says Dr Wilson. Within a few years of the foundation of Elim, this simple, earnest, enthusiastic sect had an 80-page book of rules, regulations, and constitution, laying down even the conditions on which ministers could 'embark on courtship'; soon, too, the scale of expense accounts was regularised.

Dr Wilson's three sects are alike in that 'all seek . . . to dominate their members'. They are unlike in other ways, and it might have been better if instead of Christian Science (which is almost, if not quite, a 'denomination') he could have examined some still strictly non-Establishment sect, such as the Irvingites or those redoubtable Essex countryfolk, the Peculiar People; for, whereas Elim which flourished in the slump offers the 'pie in the sky' characteristic of revivalism, and Christadelphianism is hostile to human government and looks forward to Christ's return to earth and a theocratic millenium (at one time expected to occur in 1866-68), Christian Science, a mainly middle-class cult, accepts the existing order complacently and is, in ethos, strongly 'practical', anti-intellectual and Conservative. In any case, Christian Scientists could not be conscientious objectors, since they 'maintain that in reality no war ever happened'.

Such incidental quaintnesses enliven Dr Wilson's study: in writing of the Pentecostalist 'tongues', he might, as Mgr Knox did in *Enthusiasm,* have given us some examples of the extraordinary gibberish called glossolalia. But, alas! Dr Wilson has neither the grace of Knox nor the muscular crispness of Booth. We must be grateful at least to Mr Robin K. Biswas, who, Dr Wilson says, 'employed his critical sense of language to help me avoid some of my more egregious infelicities of style'. Dr Wilson has already shown himself sensitive to criticism of his style (a reviewer who criticised it being 'obviously unaware of the differences between literary style and the use of established theoretical concepts'). So I will say no more of this – except that it would be sad if a *social* study were to founder in a failure of communication.

TOM DRIBERG

Killing and Kidnapping

Battle in Bossenden Wood. By P. G. ROGERS *Oxford. 25s.*

The Dilessi Murders. By ROMILLY JENKINS. *Longmans. 21s.*

Battle in Bossenden Wood is a fine piece of social history which describes a sequence of sad and ludicrous events in Canterbury and district in the 1830s. The climax was a murderous battle on 31 May 1838 in which three soldiers, seven deluded peasants and a remarkable maniac lost their lives. The maniac arrived in Canterbury in 1832, styling himself Sir William Courtney, Knight of Malta, King of the Gypsies, claimant to the Earldom of Devon. He wore gorgeous finery and long black hair. He was tall, with lustrous eyes and a commanding voice. In no time he issued manifestos to the people, propounding radical ideas like taking the land from the rich to give to the poor and improving the quality of beer. In December, by now a popular hero, he stood for Parliament in Canterbury and polled one-sixth of the votes. This seemed to him a humiliating failure; he then stood for East Kent – polling three out of the 9,000 votes cast. In the next year, after being sued for debt, he was certified as insane.

Only then was it discovered that Sir William was none other than a Cornish maltster, John Nichols Tom, missing from his Truro home. He refused, however, to acknowledge his wife and father when confronted with them. Five years later, after Cornish political pressure, the model inmate who'd played well in the asylum cricket team was released on condition that he let himself be repatriated there. He went instead to the home of an oafish local landowner and at once resumed his role of self-appointed Messiah among the illiterate and credulous people of Kent, now suffering under the rigours of the new Poor Law. He rode a white horse, invoked *Revelation* and, at last, led his small band of supporters to a farmhouse where he killed a constable, and then to the Bossenden wood and the brief, bloody encounter with the troops. The peasants' millennium crumbled to death, imprisonment or transportation. Hucksters touted Courtney buttons and arranged for a view of the mutilated corpse; Sir William's heart was preserved but disappeared just after the last war. The battle scandalised the educated public of the time; since it had taken place in the shadow of the headquarters of the Established Church, it roused anti-clericals to fresh assaults on that bulwark of nepotism and greed.

What happened at Dilessi is roughly this: a party of British tourists were abducted by brigands while returning from a visit to Macedonia. After a complex series of negotiations they were brutally murdered, at which the British public became incensed and wished to take punitive action against Greece. But Mr Gladstone wouldn't have it. The brave and dignified behaviour of the captives, and the good sense of a local Englishman who was subsequently calumniated for his efforts, alone relieve the wretched affair. The Greek government made subtle, desperate efforts to absolve themselves of blame and prove to an unbelieving Europe that theirs was a civilised country. The behaviour of our man in Athens, whose foolish advice flowed from a deep ignorance of local conditions, goes to show that the traditions of the FO are more ancient than we think.

JOHN MORGAN

Grundig make tape recorder history!

THE NEW GRUNDIG TK 14

GRUNDIG
TK 14
A quality-built mains model
for only 35 guineas
(including microphone)

GET THE MOST OUT OF
TAPE RECORDING—GET A GRUNDIG TK 14

GRUNDIG (Gt. Britain) Ltd.

Advertising & Showrooms: 39/41 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 *Trade enquiries to:* Newlands Park, Sydenham, London, S.E.26

Unbeatable, unbelievable value!

Now, from the largest manufacturers of tape recorders in the world comes an entirely *new* tape recorder. It's the model you've always wanted . . . the quality you've always demanded—at a price you've never dreamed would be possible . . . It's the new Grundig TK 14. Value, value, value all the way!

Keep the sounds you choose for a whole life time

What fun your family can have with a TK 14! You can record some happy occasion now—and enjoy listening to it years later. You can tape a selection of your favourite music for family entertainment and your own private enjoyment. You can use the TK 14 to improve singing or public speaking, to help play an instrument better, or learn a part in a play. The happy thing is, too, that any recordings you do not want to keep can be erased and the tape used over and over again.

Piano key operation—simplicity itself

Although all Grundig models are famed for their simplicity of operation, no other Grundig model has ever been quite so easy to use as the TK 14. The piano-type keys respond instantly to a finger touch.

Go along to your local Grundig Approved Dealer *today*. Let him demonstrate the TK 14. Hear and see for yourself what a superb buy it is and just how much fun you and your family will get from it.

Splendidly easy hire purchase arrangements

Your Grundig Approved Dealer will also be able to tell you about the easy H.P. arrangements for the TK 14. In most cases you will, if you want, be able to take the TK 14 home with you.

Free leaflets, full details

If you would like to examine details of the TK 14 at your leisure, fill in and post this coupon for a *free, colourful leaflet* telling you *all* you want to know.

POST TODAY

GRUNDIG (Gt. Britain) LTD.
39/41 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1
Please send me my free copy of the ***TK14*** *Leaflet*

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

____

05/N.ST./2818

Somewhat Idiotic

William James on Psychical Research. Compiled and edited by Gardner Murphy and Robert O. Ballou. *Chatto & Windus. 30s.*

William James was a man of wide interests but his concern with psychical research is perhaps little-known, although he did in fact become President of the British SPR. Yet this concern is less surprising than might appear at first sight: a father with Swedenborgian leanings, his own chronic illness which gave rise to attacks of depression, fatigue, and insomnia that would now be recognised as neurotic in nature, and above all the goings-on of the Fox sisters (subsequently admitted to be fraudulent) at Rochester, New York, which, taking place a few years after his birth in 1842, heralded the origin of modern spiritualism. James's lifetime coincided with the heyday of mediums, apparitions and physical phenomena which, in 1882, the British Society for Psychical Research was founded to investigate.

This book, ably compiled and edited, contains lectures, articles, letters, and a detailed account of sittings with the medium Mrs Piper, in whom James was interested from 1885 right up to the time of his death in 1910. All are written in the lucid and readable style so characteristic of his other works. Whatever his original predilections, James never lost his critical faculties or scientific bent and always sought the natural before the supernatural explanation. While from his earliest acquaintance with the subject he had been convinced of the reality of telepathy and perhaps even clairvoyance, he apparently never became convinced by the evidence for survival. In his famous *Principles of Psychology* he advised his students:

> The reader who finds any comfort in the idea of the Soul is perfectly free to continue to believe in it; for our reasonings have not established the non-existence of the Soul; they have only proved its superfluity for scientific purposes.

Even when reviewing *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death* by his devoted friend Frederick Myers he could not resist the occasional harsh criticism: survival, he said, implied 'the somewhat idiotic form of ghosts'.

It is this critical attitude which gives his work its curiously modern flavour; for much of what he was inclined to discard is largely discarded by the psychical researcher of today. Investigations of telepathy, clairvoyance and precognition there are in plenty, but haunted houses went out with the exposure by Dingwall and others of the fraud of Borley Rectory; poltergeist phenomena do still occur (as they have done throughout history) but are more likely to be referred to the psychiatrist than the psychical researcher; mediumship is limited to the simple-minded congregations of Spiritualist Churches, apparitions to the subjective sphere, and, excluding the alleged ability of Dr Rhine's students to control the fall of dice, where are the dramatic physical manifestations of earlier days? James's conviction that the solution to such phenomena as were genuine lay within the subliminal self rather than in the supernatural brings him in line with the moderns.

J. A. C. Brown

CHATTO & WINDUS

Told in Winter
JON GODDEN
'Weird but real.'
ISABEL QUIGLY, *The Bookman*
'The pressures of jealousy . . . are very well conveyed . . . credible and poignant.'
RICHARD LISTER
18s net

The Coming of Fabrizze
RAYMOND DE CAPITE
'The experience is not to be missed.' *The Times*
'Filled with love, laughter and the joy of life.' *New York Times*
15s net

E. M. Forster
PHAROS AND PHARILLON
A new edition 8s 6d net

THE HOGARTH PRESS

Snaps

Diaries 1922-1939. By Cecil Beaton. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 30s.*

Mister (Wot, no knighthood?) Beaton's autobiographical volume covers the period of my life from my eighth month to the time I started my first job. Naturally I am narked at not getting a mention in it, but I am still sufficient of a hick to be pleased to find him mentioning people I have met or worked with – Michael Rosenauer, Peter Watson. Reflection, however, shows that our careers were likely to overlap anyhow, since we are both in visuals and – whatever one may think of him as a photographer – Beaton is one of the makers of the iconography of fame in our time. His output is part of my input – do these semi-edited diaries shed any light on it?

Sort of . . . but you have to dig through the main theme to get at it, and that theme, however archetypal it may be, is apt to stick in the gullet – an Out person fighting to get In, *any* kind of In, and equally gratified, as far as one can see, to be accepted by Bébé Bérard or by Buck House. The pages describing his afternoon photographing the present Queen Mother are surprisingly less nauseating than might have been expected, but for the same reason that the pages on Bérard are considerably less illuminating than might have been hoped: the writing is as dim as it is disingenuous, or do I mean ingenuous? – it isn't always easy to tell with name-droppers and this, above all, is a name-dropper's book. It is, I think, a fair comment on C.B. and his supposed readership that every Christian name that conceals a title has an explanatory footnote, but that Lifar and Lilian Gish are deemed to need foot-noting as well. Garnish with a narcissism that is at its squirmiest on the subject of embarrassments over his accent, and you have some rugged digging before you get to the photographer.

But there is no surprise when you get there – *le style, c'est l'homme,* and both seem to exist only as reflections of the external subject matter; the man in the company he keeps, the photographer in the famous he snaps. I say 'snaps' because a streak of egregious amateurishness runs through both the person and the professional. On the personal side it may have been a family failing – his account of his brother's death reveals a household reduced to emotional squalor by their inability to summon up a noble sentiment. But he also fails to get any real lift from even three pipes of Bérard's home-made opium, and this general impression of an untrained and amateur psyche culminates at the end of the book in his attempt to pull off a *sic transit* purple passage about revisiting the old home in Hampstead, as a prelude to a final picture of his mother as an 'animal'.

Here, a belief in amateurism matches amateurishness of literary technique. The photographic equivalent is, I suppose, the cock-eyed print of the Windsors looking like an exhibit in Tussaud's, which he or his publisher has had the little charity to print opposite a perfectly ordinary press picture of his own sister's wedding, a picture that is about 20 times more interesting than any other in the book. Beaton's own work is about as interesting as his subject matter, and most of that is not really interesting anyhow, just fashionable; worse, his aim is to flatter, not reveal. He lived through some 40 stirring years of photography and managed to admire most of the right people – Steichen, Cartier-Bresson, but also Bertram Park – and his own 'experimental' pieces seem always to be derivative from other people's experiments.

Credit side? *My Fair Lady*? I went to see it all agog for the Ascot scene – and was forced to realise, the moment the *figurants* began to move and the applause had died down, that it was not a scene in a musical at all, but the most expensive garden-fête tableau ever staged. Beaton didn't dress the show, he dressed it up, and the book is full of such charades (the Sitwell one is the best), dressings up, imitations, impressions, party-pieces and hostess-flattering.

Reyner Banham

Tricks and Secrets

The Harm Is Done. By Jean Forton. Translated by Ann-Yvette and Alan Stewart. *Cape. 16s.*

The Fox and the Camellias. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Eric Mosbacher, *Cape. 13s. 6d.*

The New Line. By Mario Pomilio. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun. *Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.*

'Whatever we say,' old M. Ledru declares on the last page of *The Harm Is Done,* 'innocence really means something. The idea that my daughter, my very own daughter should perform certain acts – well, it upsets me no end. The thought that she will realise that I too in my time... It's the same with my son.' In fact, neither M. Ledru's son nor daughter is as innocent as he supposes. They both have their secrets: their instinct for purity is as strong as their father's.

It is of this loss of innocence, and of the private desires, fears and griefs associated with this loss, that M. Forton writes. Though to young Ledru the world, in his French seaport city, seems only 'a vast sexual display', he is saddened not so much by his sexual corruption as by his discovery of himself. He will trick his friend Frieman into giving up Georgette, the foolish 12-year-old; to satisfy her insatiable appetite for back seats in the cinema, he will steal from his father. Each new discovery of his power to dissemble and betray will frighten him. Yet he will be able to blackmail his sister, caught in bed with her lover. Through all this, however, he remains simple and blundering and knows himself to be fundamentally honest. It is only when he meets Stéphane that he knows true corruption. Stéphane is wealthy and knowledgeable; he is not frightened of authority, death or sex; and he has a beautiful sister. Stéphane dominates; tragedy follows.

The plot, a nasty one about schoolgirl murder, is a distraction. M. Morton's adults – his police inspector, the philosophising pavement artist who represents true innocence and is symbolically betrayed and destroyed – are embarrassing fabrications. The strength of this admirable novel lies in its portrayal of adolescents. With their fears and fantasies, their cruelty and tenderness, they demand to be taken seriously, and remind us that nothing is as corrupt and idealistic as childhood.

Everyone will have a different interpretation of Silone's *The Fox and the Camellias.* Is it a joke, a mockery of the cloak-and-dagger methods of the police state and its opponents? Is it an expression of weariness with political activity, a plea that we should all cultivate our garden, like the Swiss, who change their political views, we hear, simply by changing their café and whose main concern is not to frighten off the tourists? The story is a slight one. Gabriele, a farmer in the Italian-speaking canton of Switzerland, is a rebel by instinct. He is a devoted father; his political 'activities' are kept secret from his family and, it should be added, from the reader. The spies of the unspecified dictatorship across the border in Italy are interested in Gabriele. They persuade an elderly, simple-minded dressmaker to 'inform'; and in a very funny scene they discover that she can only talk about food and clothes. A brawl occurs between the fascists and one of Gabriele's followers; there are going to be complications. In the meantime another fascist spy falls in love with Gabriele's daughter; when he finds out that Gabriele is a revolutionary he runs out of the house and drowns himself. 'He wasn't a bad young man,' Gabriele says. If the novel is a joke, it is a sinister one, for in addition to the death of the fascist the dressmaker is also ruined. Is Silone saying that even fascists are human, and that both fascism and revolution are melodramatic nonsense, that a taste for violence is a taste for the theatrical? I suspect that the message, whatever it is, is not very important. The book gives an impression of great weariness and boredom, the sadness of a writer deprived of his cause.

The New Line is a long-winded, feeble fantasy about the one day of freedom which is proclaimed by mistake in a totalitarian state. It is a good idea, but Mario Pomilio handles is without imagination. The worker who wants to know what machine he has been assembling for 20 years discovers that no one can tell him. There is a doctor who has been hoping to create a more docile type of human being; he is chagrined by the new freedom. The political prisoner is reprieved. The prison governor discovers he has a heart. And that is all.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Locust Classicus

Inside Europe Today. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton. 25s.*

It is 25 years since John Gunther wrote his first *Inside Europe*, and set the brilliant pattern for his special form of political *Guide Michelin*. In those years he had foraged and filed Inside almost everywhere, with the inimitable, industrious, skilful, skin-deep, all-embracing assiduity of the world's most relentless literary locust. It has long been the thing to nod tolerantly at these enormous works of eager drudgery, but they still are something that nobody else has ever managed to do half as well. To observe the John Gunther commando descending on some foreign field to digest the country overnight is to see the Organisation Author at his most awesome and admirable. By now where Gunther's foot has not yet trod is clearly not worth treading.

Some places, however, require a re-tread; the Continents refuse to stay defined; each quarter-century, it may be, they merit another going-over. *Inside Europe Today,* it is emphasised, is *not* a revision of the famous original – indeed, it could hardly be, since the Europe of the 30s has revised itself beyond hope of pursuit – but a completely new examination.

The two Europes, of then and now, might well exist in different centuries. Most of the big and little despots have gone; not just the Hitler-Mussolini-Stalin ring, but the remote supporting cast of Horthys, Pilsudskis, Kemals, and the Balkan kinglets of whom Mr Gunther, more than most people, helped us to be aware. With them went the Third, or Thousand-Year, Reich. The Iron Curtain has been born. Three states ('decent little countries', Mr Gunther calls them, meaning Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania) have vanished; one new one – Cyprus – has arrived. The British Monarchy is still in business, though; so is the Vatican. The British Empire has been dissolved, but in Britain (as in France, Italy and West Germany) 'things have seldom been better'. Outside Russia there is no European Great Power – though one day this could arise, if the Common Market plans 'develop into growth and coalescence.' 'But this', says Mr Gunther warily, 'is to look a long way ahead.'

Mr Gunther is very interesting and useful on the Common Market. It is always very difficult to tell from anything he writes whether he thinks well or ill of it; he is objective almost to the point of aridity, though what a lot he knows! Mr Gunther is often very perceptive; even his most awful bromides are shrewdly put. He has an addiction to the dottier and most uncheckable figures: the Belgian Katanga Company held 111,111,111 acres of mineral property (acres?); the size of Luxembourg is exactly 999 square miles. Whenever he feels the reader has had enough statistical roughage for a page or two, he merely pauses through a two-line space and crosshead, and says 'Let us proceed', and off we go again, stepping briskly through the shallows of history.

Thus with the Common Market. After careful reading of Mr Gunther's chapter, inescapably headed 'At Sixes and Sevens', it is not easy to know if he applauds it politically ('the most consequential forward step ever taken towards Europe's unity, prosperity, and peace') or recommends it economically ('the British soon found that even if membership of the Six might cost a good deal, they were

A Holiday by the Sea
GERALD BRENAN

Observer: "*Really* distinguished: It is distinct from other novels written today because it is better than most of them, because it is composed with candour and care, and because it reflects no other influence than that of the author's own mind, experience, and essential personality."

Sunday Times: "Out of the common run. A study of the literary temperament and a model of easy-seeming, because solicitous, writing."

Times Literary Supplement: "Undeniable literary beauty, comic and spirited on the surface yet with undertones of the profoundest sadness."

Times: "Few novels nowadays are so well or so stimulatingly written."

2nd imp. printing *16s*

HAMISH HAMILTON

J. F. DENIAU
The Common Market
Its Structure and Purpose
New, up-to-date Edition.
'The best simple exposition available.' — *The Economist*
[With Barrie & Rockliff.] 15s.

DERYCK ABEL
Channel Underground
A new survey of the Channel Tunnel question
'A very thorough survey indeed.' —LORD BEVERIDGE, *The Contemporary Review*. 'Excellent.'— JO GRIMOND, M.P., *Sunday Telegraph*
17s. 6d.

IAN THOMSON
Changing Patterns in South Asia
'A thoughtful and observant book which all interested in the East should read.'—SIR GODFREY DAVIS
[With Barrie & Rockliff.] 18s.

PALL MALL PRESS

also losing by staying out') or just likes it for fun ('Euratom is pronounced "You're at 'em" ').

Anyhow, he does make a lot of sense of its origins, and of the ideas of Jean Monnet and René Pleven. I think it must have been Mr Gunther who discovered that the Common Market HQ in Brussels is in the Avenue de la Joyeuse Entrée. ('Don't count your chickens!' commented the *Evening Standard* tartly.) He does explain the several European 'instrumentalities', as he calls them, in words of one syllable, even though they be words of a contemporary kind, like ECSC and OEEC and GATT. He calls Monnet 'the chief merchandiser of social change', and claims that if he had not made the mistake of being a Giraud man after the war he might have led even General de Gaulle back into the 20th century. You can say what you like about the facile clarity of John Gunther's analyses, but he may well make the contorted question of the European Community at least graspable by the millions of baffled citizens to whom, up to now, the thing is as Aramaic.

Every professional writer must stand in reverence at the prodigious capacity for homework of Mr Gunther. No protagonist is too small for him, no source-material too remote, no footnote too trivial. His observations of people are usually keen, if not startling; though his reactions are occasionally odd. Mr Macmillan, with 'a walrus moustache'? Mr Macmillan who 'takes decisions easily, without weighing inconvenient or embarrassing problems too much' – can that be the Plastic Mac of our day, knotted in pitiful tangles of indecision? There is Mr George Brown, who 'gets on very well with Mr Cousins'. There is Mr R. A. Butler, who 'started life as a Don' – unlike so many lesser folk, who started life as babies; maybe Mr Gunther has something there.

He is not an easy man to review. He has done this sort of thing before; he can clearly continue to renovate his Insides from now until kingdom come – which may or may not give him time for another quick edition. Meanwhile, let us be glad of Mr Gunther, the Great Penetrator; there will be deeper and better books on Europe than his, but my, how they will use him!

James Cameron

Branwell Brontë
WINIFRED GÉRIN
'The prevailing impression which the book makes upon me is to convert me into an aspiring Brontologist.' Maurice Richardson in *The Bookman*. A companion volume to the same author's *Anne Brontë*, an 'absorbing and authoritative study.' *The Times* 32 pages of halftones
Book Society Non-Fiction Choice
John O' London's
Book of the Month
35s

Forces and Fields
MARY B. HESSE MSc PhD
The study of the concept of Action at a Distance in the history of Physics. This book traces through history some of the problems raised by one theoretical question: "How do bodies act on one another across space?" The author is a member of the University of Cambridge Committee for the History and Philosophy of Science.
35s

Nelson

Hidden Tales

Branwell Brontë. By Winifred Gérin. *Nelson.* 35s.

The Brontë family – it explains their curious biographical hold on writers and readers – presents in its special setting the perfect case-history of genius. You can see this genius at all of its levels, from the high point of fusion in Emily to the aspiring failure in Branwell. Without its relationship to the rest, a life of Branwell would hardly be tolerable. As it is, Miss Gérin's account is absorbing. Branwell has one great claim on a full-length biography – the amount and significance of the material he left. Though it took till almost our own time to discover, the Brontës between them charted pretty exactly the hidden course of their lives. This may not have been, as with Pepys, in a shorthand cipher, but (apart from the published novels and verse) it was in something almost as difficult – an extraordinary fictional saga, set down in a script so small as to defy any casual reading.

Of these miniature works (found and explored by American research only in recent years) more of Branwell's exist than of any of the others. For, unlike Charlotte, he did not abandon the habit of daydream writing in adult life. And, unlike Emily, he did not destroy at the end what he wrote.

Branwell's contribution to the saga was most valuable in his early years. The marvellous child Maria was dead (Miss Gérin recreates of her what she can in a notable chapter). Now Charlotte and Branwell took over her role of bringing the events of the world to the nursery through the adult periodicals. Branwell, though, was a principal instigator in living out political and 'military' wars: these dramas – later becoming the 'Angrian' tales – led to the novels we know.

The direct mirror-image in Branwell's tales is nowhere more clearly revealed than in that biographical puzzle – his journey to London to enter the Royal Academy Schools. What happened to make him hasten back, his letters of introduction unused, from what he had always desired? All the Brontës were awed by the thought of London, with its buildings 'resembling palaces rather than houses'. In a fragment of Angrian history written some months after his return, Branwell tells how a certain Charles Wentworth makes a similar journey to the Angrian metropolis, only to discover at last that 'Happiness consists in Anticipation'. The first morning

> he reflected that he had not a relation in the city, which to him was a pleasant and delightful reflection. Then he examined his letters and put them up again . . . took breakfast . . . He threaded the dense and bustling crowds and walked for hours . . . with a wildish dejected look of poverty-stricken abstraction. He was not searching for information or gratifying his thoughts. Here is what he was doing. He was going about striking sparks from his mind by a contact with scenes connected with glorious events, associations, persons.

The very paradox in this passage is revealing. He is glad to be out of his family's disciplinary orbit – but without it he is lost. He seeks to prolong a dream-like sensation: but notes that he looks, to an outside eye, provincial, poor and wild. Why, he asks himself presently, did he fear to enter St Paul's? From 'an instinctive fear of ending his pleasure by approaching reality.' This time, however, he had 'dashed through the dread' and gone in. But the nearest he ever got to the Academy Schools (then in Somerset House) was the Embankment outside. Wentworth leans over the parapet for hours, and is filled with an aimless depression – a sense of futility that only the tavern can solve.

Still, he made some further ventures into the world. The first was as portrait painter in Bradford, the second as tutor – a pleasant and easy post in the Lake District – the third as a railway clerk. Drink and idleness lost him the second and third. In the first, Miss Gérin kindly suggests, the craze for the new daguerrotype may have been against him too. It was after the last catastrophe, when Branwell was nursing his shame at home, repenting in gusts his 'malignant yet cold debauchery' – a phrase into which no biographer has gone very deeply – that Anne intervened and, with typical self-sacrifice, got him a post as tutor in the house where she herself was employed. This was the fateful Robinson home at Thorp Green.

Miss Gérin has done some meticulous work on the Robinson papers. It may never be clear to what degree the lady amused herself with the tutor, but Branwell, we all allow, was the victim, – even though there is something not absolutely attractive in his lament.

> She was all I could wish for in a woman, and vastly above me in rank, and she loved me even better than I did her.

But Miss Gérin's research has also brought some queer complexities into the thing: Dr Crosby, for instance, the family physician who attended poor Mr Robinson, yet continued on the lady's behalf to transmit doles of hush or conscience money to Branwell long after he had left Thorp Green. As for Ann Marshall, Mrs Robinson's confidential maid, how did she came to receive those large promissory notes from *Mr* Robinson – several hundred pounds in all, 'for value received'? Her wages, by the way, were £12 a year. But Ann was to die soon after her employer – and the money was paid by *Mrs* Robinson, with interest, to Ann's old mother. A hidden tale lies there.

A brilliant satirical sketch written by Charlotte in 1834 exists in the Angrian papers. Several pages long, it is given in full; no better account of Branwell can ever have been written. In the form of a meeting between Lord Charles Wellesley and the mercurial Patrick Benjamin Wiggins, it gives all the best and worst of Branwell – his arrogance and abasement; his boasting and sensibility; his attitude to his sisters, his wild ambitions, his lack of purpose. Branwell's failure was rooted in himself. In another time, in another social position, his tale would have been the same. Miss Gérin's excellent book, which gives the best of Branwell, only confirms this. He could not, of course, she proves at some length, have written *Wuthering Heights*. One curious thing she grants, however. Taken from *Blackwood's*, years before, a changeling black boy was assimilated, by Branwell and then the rest, into the family play. He came into ultimate fame as Heathcliff.

Naomi Lewis

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Centres and Ceremonies

JOHN COLEMAN

Eight days of poetry at the Mermaid Theatre drew to a close last Sunday night. We had heard poets reading their own works on record and in person, seen them on film and seen films made by them, witnessed performances of their plays and listened to them discussing, most amiably, their craft or sullen art. We had also jostled glasses and bandied words with them during the intervals for refreshment. Poetry was in our lips and eyes, not forgetting our hair, and I must be forgiven if it gets into my prose, too, here and there. The whole amazing jamboree originated in the executive committee of the Poetry Book Society and was helped financially by the Arts Council and by Mr Norman Collins of ATV. The unflagging master of ceremonies was John Wain.

Chatting to a full house on the first night, he set a fine informal key for subsequent proceedings. The simple aim was to bring together like-minded people who enjoyed good poetry and to give them some good poetry to listen to. There were so many good poets today that he could easily have filled the bill at three or four festivals like this one, using different poets all the time; we would understand if our own favourites weren't on the programme. Inevitably, things had gone wrong. 'One of our poets was hit by a discus.' The idea this evening was to enjoy ourselves; we were going to have an *enormous* interval, with wine and cheese, during which we could mingle with the many poets present. He hadn't meant to strike a sombre note, but a picture in that morning's *Observer* of a baby starving to death had made him wonder whether all the energy and money being devoted to this festival shouldn't be going rather to confront such problems. He thought not. Against the prevalent 'anti-human' tendency, poetry kept on saying that people matter more than things or organisations. We must cure the sickness from the inside out and not from the outside in – that was his *personal* justification for us all being there.

We would hear all sorts of poets: meditative, exuberant, hard to follow and easy to follow; but they would all be poets of quality. Mr Wain was against dilution and had an ungentle word for poetry-and-jazz. He read a Yeats poem ('he's put my thoughts for me') and we scattered for the foyer-party.

Sipping *rosé* with Lee, my thoughts went back to an afternoon of poetry-and-jazz held at the Festival Hall some five weeks before, in turn the offshoot of a hugely attended occasion at the Hampstead Town Hall in February. The Festival Hall was packed, the acoustics bad, the poets with three exceptions worse, and the only thing to pierce the deep, dazed glow of self-satisfaction rising from the youngish, hip audience was when Laurie Lee, feeling the moment unpropitious, quietly tore in two a poem he had intended to read about the Spanish Civil War and dropped it to the floor. It was an act as impulsive as making a poem, and a memorable achievement in the lethargic hug of that great auditorium, something human in the stale rant about H-bombs and the whimpering bad jazz. If that afternoon had witnessed a momentous breakthrough for poetry ('one of the few remaining social consciences in this country' – see programme note), then poetry was something we could well do without.

But, back at the Mermaid, an enthusiastic lady had addressed me. 'Are you a poet?' she said. (I have a beard and was clutching a glass. Most of the better poets are clean-shaven.) I disabused her, pointed to one who looked like a bank manager, and went and talked to a critic.

After the interval, six poets from Oxford and Cambridge read some verses, too many of which leant heavily on the public significance of their recent sexual experiences. Nothing happened, no spark flew, and not even Mr Wain, at his most manful, could convince me otherwise: 'How good this new generation of poets is – how strong they are, aren't they?' No, one wanted to shout, no, they're not, and it's getting awfully late and they read abominably, anyway. Why haven't we got a broadsheet so that we can *see* what they're saying.

The night's encounters were not over. On the platform of Blackfriars underground station I was approached by a very young man who introduced himself as a poet and asked if I had enjoyed myself. He waved his programme at me: 'I went round getting signatures,' he said. 'This may be worth a bit in a few years' time.' We shared a compartment and he told me he had been to Russia, reciting his works to the accompaniment of an electric guitar and being pelted with flowers. He was to perform on the last, gala night of the Mermaid festival. Mr Wain's intimations of 'quality' began to seem unduly starry-eyed.

Convinced that I enjoy poetry, I am obviously not a poetry-'lover', not in the way necessary to get the most out of these gatherings. There were some 22 different programmes during the week, of which I sampled a reasonable proportion, going – it is perhaps proper to add – in no hostile spirit. It proved a baffling experience. A poem by Mr Ray Mathew, an Australian, which made wonderful play with the image of a bowl (and drew spontaneous applause); a harsh reading by Ted Hughes of his poem, 'My Uncle's Wound', one of 12 commissioned especially for the Festival by Messrs Guinness Son & Co.; Miss Carolyn Kizer from America – *these* fragments I should shore against my ruins? Even Miss Kizer, a stunningly glamorous adornment of the second half of Wednesday night's programme ('Five American Poets') and a lucid, relentless reader of some of the funniest verse of the week – from her projected marathon 'Four Women', a sort of anti-Juvenal – even that piled golden head and scrupulous diction have to war in one's memories against the long hours of boredom and despair.

I was not there on the final night when Ursula Vaughan Williams came on with a great box from which she plucked a laurel wreath to crown the director. (Nor were a lot of the contributing poets, apparently. Their seats had been sold by an over-eager management.) But I had soldiered through dustier country. There was the incredible evening of translations ('Our furthest piece of audacity,' as Wain rightly said), when George Seferis must have needed all his diplomacy to sit so still through poems read in a Serbo-Croatian monotone, a Glaswegian version of Apollinaire, and the interminable susurrations of Rafael Pineda from Venezuela. This was downright bad planning. By the time Mr Seferis rose to deliver the *bonne bouche*, appetite had fled.

The next night, there was a discussion between poets young and old of 'the problems and opportunities for poetry in the new oral culture.' Intended as a half-way point of the Festival, at which audience and platform might fruitfully interact, it never got off the ground. Short stump-speeches from the platform (Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton, Anthony Thwaite, V.C. Clinton-Baddeley and others) were followed by a tepid anecdotal conversation between the panel-members and a couple of unprofitable questions from the house. A third question – 'what about some more poetry' – ended it.

It was about there that I began to think myself of some private reward for Mr Wain. One didn't always like what he was doing (after all, he was presumably responsible for some of the programming), but one had to admire his unquenchable verve and, even, gall. He marvellously offered and acted out responses for the audience. Robert Gittings read a short – I thought undistinguished – poem by a 13-year-old schoolgirl to illustrate something or other. Mr Wain was up there in a second: 'Well, that was a bombshell, wasn't it? I never thought we'd get anything like that.' The audience, as it were, purred its luck.

We had all sorts of poets – great ones, small ones, lean ones, brawny ones, black ones, grey ones and tawny ones, grave old plodders and gay young friskers, and presumably quite a few fathers, mothers, uncles and cousins as well – for Mr Wain to play the piper to; poets we had and, if anyone

PROBATION

the second chance

JOHN ST. JOHN

For the first time, an authentic, comprehensive account of the use of probation against crime. The case histories provide absorbing insight into current human and social problems.

"Mr. St. John's book on the probation problem is the first and long likely to be the best of its kind."—C. H. Rolph, *New Statesman*.

" . . . this is a valuable book for the general reader."—T. R. Fyvel, *Sunday Telegraph*.

25s.

THE TOWN

GEOFFREY MARTIN

This record of the growth and development of the town in Britain is exceptionally well illustrated. Many of the illustrations are taken from little-known sources and will be of special interest to the student.

"This new series offers us something fresh and exciting towards the interpretation of our country. The visual approach is a revelation. The first volume on THE TOWN combines scholarship with perceptive imagination while the illustrations are fascinating."—A. L. Rowse.

" . . . a lively and lucid summary which will delight everyone with a lay enthusiasm for architecture or social history."—Ian Park, *Sunday Times*.

233 illustrations **25s.**

VISTA BOOKS

wants to know, most of them look disconcertingly like you or me these days, exception made for Miss Kizer and Mr Empson: but what about the *audience*? On the weeknights I went the house was three-quarters full (The Mermaid seats 499) and attendance at the day-time poetry-on-record sessions and talks was variable but quite impressive. One caught the odd rancorous post-mortem going on at the bar, but generally the impression was one of almost churchy docility. Nobody booed, though I heard some jazz was barracked one lunch-time, and nobody stood up and cheered either. There should have been some catcalls and there might have been a pelting with flowers (for the professional readers on the Ezra Pound evening, whose excellence underlined the absurdity of letting most poets read their own works). The audience was decorous, unexigent, and here and there – one felt – a bit pleased with itself for having turned up in a good cause.

This is the crowning fallacy. 'Poetry' doesn't matter, since it doesn't mean anything: good poems do and of these there were all too few. There may have been more than I have allowed, for part of the trouble was the sheer aural difficulty of dealing with poems of extreme congestion supinely delivered. Another part was that a good number of the poems seemed *unnecessarily* congested, working out their small destinies in a welter of private references.

It was odd and enlivening after this to go to Arnold Wesker's house on Monday evening to meet the management committee of the group known as Centre 42. They take their name from the pious resolution passed by the TUC last September (first foreshadowed by Wesker in this journal), urging a closer participation by the trade union movement in cultural activities. Wesker and others, among them Doris Lessing and the lady Mayor of Greenwich, are out to combat what they see as a class stranglehold on the arts in Britain today. They want to take art *to* the people, aiming to raise enough money to open a centre in London, which can be used as a theatre, dance hall, art gallery and concert hall, from which regional projects can take strength and guidance. This was an interim gathering designed to allow the committee to show their hand before they proceed to the sharpening of their ultimate objectives.

Wouldn't going after this larger audience have an effect on the *content* of the art offered? asked someone. What, anyway, *was* the art that the 'working classes' (the phrase rang, undefined, throughout the discussion) were going to draw new life from? Examples, please? Early days for that, said some of the committee; the thing was to get things moving, to explore, not to dogmatise.

'Artists,' claims the manifesto of Centre 42, 'no matter what their background, have been forced to produce work for . . . minority taste in order to earn a living.' Poets rarely earn their bread by their poems, and most of the poems read at the Mermaid were presumably written without an eye cocked to the main, 'minority' chance. But that the audience there represented some sort of minority taste today is beyond question, and Centre 42 might do well to attempt, for their own ends, a diagnosis of the strained and permissive values that can make such an occasion a success.

A **New** BOOK ON
FAMILY PLANNING
FREE

Facts about new methods

The truth about the "birth pill"

Most married people know something about family planning—but how many know the *full* facts?
This new booklet, written in sensible, simple terms, supplies the answers to the questions that trouble so many people. Which method is most reliable? Is it simple *and* safe?
All the reliable methods of family planning are clearly explained. There is up-to-date information about the latest developments. The advantages—and disadvantages—of each method is fully and frankly discussed.
If you would like these up-to-date facts about the latest advances in family planning, send for your free copy of "Modern Family Planning". It will show you how the correct choice of family planning method can add to the happiness and harmony of your marriage.

Send Coupon NOW

To: H.F. Booklets Ltd., 12 Oval Rd., London, N.W.1
Please send me, under Plain Cover a free copy of 'Modern Family Planning'.
I am married or about to be married.
NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
____________________ 26/NN
BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Beautiful Dreamer

ROGER GELLERT

At the risk of seeming eccentric or downright deranged, I want to put in a very strong plea for *Goodnight, Mrs Puffin* (Strand); because for all its unquestionable horror as a play, it has provided the dung out of which springs a comic bloom of huge and irresistible splendour – the performance of Miss Irene Handl in the title role. Let me first dispose of the plot. A rich, prissy Hampstead family is preparing for the union of its elder daughter with the dull son of an even richer family, when in marches an unknown elderly Cockney woman to inform them that she has been having dreams about them, and that according to her dreams the marriage will not take place because the girl will be swept off her feet by another man. This duly comes to pass, as do her other prophecies.

The comic value, as you may imagine, is limited; one merely waits with mild satisfaction for each prediction to be fulfilled, and what with dialogue of horrid facetiousness and a singularly unappetising supporting cast, I doubt if I could have stayed the course without Miss Handl. With her (and she is, happily, entrenched in mid-stage for most of the evening) I not only stayed but stayed to cheer. It was indeed a revelation; I would never have believed that Miss Handl, whom I had only associated hitherto with 'delicious cameos', had the power or stamina to sustain this flaccid old piece of nonsense single-handed. But she has, and it is a triumph of pure Heart. From the moment she rolls on, an absurd, bun-shaped, ebullient figure somewhere between Mrs Piggywig and the Sheep in 'Alice', a maroon beret anchored to her greasy curls with a plastic brooch, one is engulfed in the giggling aggressiveness of her good intentions. She is the quintessence of all motherly chars and sweaty old nannies, sweetly bossy and unbudgeable. Off-stage, for all I know, Miss Handl may be a bad, beautiful woman. On-stage, she is grotesque and deeply good. For sheer bubbling generosity of spirit, that leaves you hopelessly and uncritically in love with it, I can think of no modern actress except Miss Vanessa Redgrave who is in the same league. I suspect that it must have been Marie Lloyd's secret too. When an uplifted audience rose to her at the end, Miss Handl wobbled forward to address us. We had been lovely, she said, really lovely; she would like to spend all night telling us how lovely we were, 'but', she concluded, 'me bloomers are so damned uncomfortable'. It was a characteristically true and beautiful comment.

I wish I could see either truth or beauty in the widely praised *Stop The World, I Want To Get Off* (Queens); and this saddens me, because until last Friday night I was an Anthony Newley fan. I delighted in his sly little songs, which seemed to me the fruit of a genuine quizzical talent. But now, egged on by Bernard Delfont and Leslie Bricusse, Newley sets himself up as the representative of tiny, suffering mankind. Simple-Simon-suited, with a white, petulant clown's make-up and some crudely aped fragments of Marcel Marceau mime, surrounded by harlequin-nymphets, loomed over by a cosmic Sean Kenny circus tent, he capers, bleating, through the life-story of a lecherous tea-boy who finds room at the top. Cheap cynicism links with wallowing sentimentality, feebly bouncing tunes, stale satire and a dogged emphasis on the infantile, as if the Muse of Julian Slade had gone pretentious and a bit sexy. Only rarely does a sharp deflating smack of true Newley cut through the boredom.

Northern Pastimes

JONATHAN MILLER

Whistle Down The Wind, at the Odeon Leicester Square, is a poor film irritatingly marred by good features. These features are so good, however, that they almost rescue the piece from the embarrassments of its plot, which is adapted from a novel by Mary Hayley Bell and turns out to be a ferociously explicit modern version of the story of Christ's betrayal. A family of three young children live on a soggy Yorkshire farm; their chief pastime is to spring the farmhand's pigeon-traps. One night the eldest girl (Hayley Mills) stumbles across the sleeping figure of a murderer on the run who is hiding out in the barn. She takes his startled cry of 'Jesus Christ' as proof of the second coming and recruits her young brother and sister to the aid and adoration of the bearded stranger. The secret leaks out to all the neighbouring children and before long the barn is hopping with small Magi. Finally the story gets to adult ears and the game is up. 'Jesus' surrenders and is frisked in a crucified posture against the skyline.

This pretentious stuff is saved, if at all, by some sound team work. The screenplay is by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall and they have 'taped in' some first-class Northern dialogue – flat, harsh and strong. Bryan Forbes has coaxed really convincing performances out of all the children. Many of the scenes have a vivid, snotty ambience – Opience, one might say. The most remarkable performance comes from seven-year-old Alan Barnes, a bleak little turnip with a firm line in infant scepticism ('He's not Jesus. He's just a feller'). One sister is sourly played by Diane Holgate. Hayley Mills, as the other, has a goggling charm, but I feel that she is outgrowing the rare, strange talent which she displayed in *Tiger Bay*. The photography of Arthur Ibbetson captures the autumn landscape with its drenched hedgerows and fuming furrows. It is maddening to see such a regiment of talent go to waste on such inadequate material.

The film version of James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed* at the Odeon, Marble Arch, is a dud – a mournful cocktail with a more than faint Metalious taste. All the imaginable species of sexual discontent are bundled antiseptically together. The story moves at a snail's pace and there is an enormous amount of going in or coming out of doors. By contrast *Cold Wind in August* (London Pavilion) has a refreshing briskness. Rather an unusual film to come out of Hollywood, it casts a cold eye on love and has a surprising element of informed sexual irony. Lola Albright plays a 'stripper', an attractive blonde who is just beginning to snuff the north wind of middle age. Her past life is a hopeless rubble of broken marriages and affairs. At this crucial moment she panics into what she anticipates will be a frivolous affair with the 17-year-old son of the janitor in her apartment building. She becomes snared by his vigour and innocence, clutching at him as a prophylactic against age. Her seduction of the lad is neatly turned against her, though, and when he lights out on discovering her occupation, she is left badly defeated. He, on the other hand, has emerged mature and promising. The dialogue is fast and edgy: and the camera work taut and restrained. Scott Marlowe gives a touching performance as the boy; Lola Albright, a ripe aphrodisiac presence, does fairly well as the stripper; Alexander Singer directs.

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (Carlton) is the latest bit of cinematic chiliasm. Walter Pidgeon, scientist-admiral, surfaces his submarine during an experimental run under the polar cap to discover that the sky is on fire and the earth is being slowly barbecued. With his brilliant colleague Peter Lorre on slide-rule they improvise a method of dispersing the flaming cloud. A rocket is to be fired into the stratosphere from beneath the ocean. The sub is a comfy play-pen done over in pastel shades, and amongst the rough matelots one discerns the curves of the captain's secretary. 'I'm here to study men under stress', says the psychiatrist.

My start here as a locum has been marred by the prompt and poignant appearance of two matters that require correction. I gather that ACT Films had changed its mind and allowed the stage production of Arnold Wesker's *The Kitchen* to proceed after all. Secondly, in my enthusiasm for the piece at the National Film Theatre last week I forgot to mention its name – *Weddings and Babies*, by Morris Engel.

Choral Recordings

DAVID DREW

Some of the most useful work in gramophone recording is done outside the bright lights of publicity, in places where honest accomplishment shines more than the stars. In recent months we have been offered Bach's *St John Passion* conducted by David Willcocks with the Philomusica Orchestra and the King's College choir (issued by Argo), Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* with the same orchestra and conductor, and the St Anthony Singers (issued by L'Oiseau-Lyre) and Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* conducted by Colin Davis, with the Goldsbrough Orchestra and the St Anthony Singers (L'Oiseau-Lyre again). Each of these recordings was associated with a public or broadcast performance, and each of them maintains – in more polished form – the practical standards of normal concert-giving, instead of attempting the somewhat idealised conditions of prestige recordings.

This requires some slight modification in the attitude of the gramophone listener. For instance, the great opening chorus of the *St John Passion* in the Argo recording is as uncertain as many openings of a concert performance. No concert-goer would make for the door after such an initial disappointment. Figuratively speaking, a gramophone listener might; and that would be a pity. The choir which sings so tentatively at the beginning soon recovers itself, and towards the end of the work achieves considerable technical and musical distinction. The great feature of the recording is Peter Pears's Evangelist. Here again one must be prepared for occasional concert-like accidents, but it is a real performance, not a spotless example of gramophonic taxidermy. If the other soloists are scarcely a match for Pears, they mostly make a valuable contribution to the perform-

APPOINTMENT WITH...
Hugh Gaitskell
The leader of the Labour Party
talks with
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
ITV AT 10.30 TONIGHT

Another World
"ISLAND OF THE SOLAN GOOSE"
the first of three programmes
by Douglas Fisher in the
Granada "Another World" series
ITV MONDAY, JULY 31st AT 10.30

Ivanov
PLAY OF THE WEEK
by Anton Chehov
ITV TUESDAY, AUGUST 1st
AT 9.35

ON TRIAL
W. T. STEAD
The charge is abduction in
Victorian England
ITV FRIDAY, AUGUST 4th
AT 11.00
A repeat programme (by request)

GRANADA TV

ance. Alexander Young's performance of the tenor aria (number 32) is especially memorable. So is some of the instrumental playing. In number 63 – the F minor soprano aria which is one of the crowning features of the score – the sensitive playing of the instrumentalists shows up a certain cold efficiency in the phrasing of the singer.

There is fortunately less justification in speaking of the 'unknown' Handel and the 'unknown' Berlioz than there was a few years ago, but there will always be those who require a convincing introduction to the great territory of their work which extends beyond the few pieces which chance, or careful concert managers, have selected for the widest renown. Handel's *L'Allegro* is a work of irresistible mastery and inspiration: in many ways the ideal gateway to a wider view of Handel. The Miltonic background provided him with exactly the kind of literary stimulus he needed, and unlike so many of even his greatest works, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* require no discreet cutting. The invention is sustained throughout in a wonderful counterpoise of high comedy and profound nature poetry, uniting the gaiety of the crowd and the 'drowsy charm' of the solitary Bellman.

The Oiseau-Lyre performance and recording conveys all this very ably, and deserves the widest circulation. But tastes being what they are, the recording of *The Childhood of Christ* will doubtless reach a larger public. Like *L'Allegro* it epitomises all that is best in its composer, and makes the gentlest and most appealing introduction to his art. Two of the leading singers from the *L'Allegro* performance – Peter Pears and Elsie Morison – again distinguish the performance, which Colin Davis conducts sympathetically.

It is ironic that compared to these relatively modest recordings, international 'star' issues are often much more disturbingly uneven. Occasionally, the participation of a leading authority makes a new recording essential listening, whatever its defects. Bruno Walter's Mahler recordings are one such example. His new Philips recording of *Das Lied von der Erde* is in certain respects a disappointment, but expectations are bound to be high, and in any case there are many things to be thankful for. The excellent performance of the tenor, Ernst Häfliger, is gratifying in a work where the tenor part, despite its appalling difficulties, is apt to take second place to the contralto. Häfliger sings with a kind of tight-rope assurance which at times is like a vocal equivalent of good *clarino* trumpet playing. There are few lapses of intonation – a rare mercy in performances of *Das Lied*! Unfortunately, the contralto part is taken by a mezzo-soprano, Mildred Miller, and all her skill cannot disguise the fact that the music goes against the grain of her musical personality. Walter himself seems to have been affected by this miscasting. He seldom achieves the expressive intensity of his famous old Decca recording with Ferrier. In his important book *Of Music and Music Making*, just published in this country by Faber, Walter writes disarmingly of his 'inborn bent for effusiveness'. A little more effusiveness in the present performance would have done a world of good.

Lastly, a work very much in the Mahler tradition – Britten's *Spring Symphony*. This has now been recorded by Decca, with the chorus and orchestra of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, and the composer conducting. Jennifer Vyvyan, Norma Proctor and Peter Pears are the soloists in this outstanding issue. I doubt if any concert performance, or any concert-hall acoustic, will ever let us hear so perfect a balance between soloists, chorus and orchestra as this recording maintains in 'Spring, the sweet spring'. This is balm for any troubled evening, spring, summer or winter.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO PAY SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY FEES FOR YOUR CHILD?
very substantial saving
in costs can be effected
It costs you nothing to consult
WM. BRANDTS (LIFE & PENSIONS) LIMITED
36 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3
(MAN 6599 Ext. 312)

FAMILY PLANNING
FREE BOOK
Postal Service
Write for our free booklet explaining all modern methods of Family Planning. Sent post free and under plain cover with details of our Confidential Postal Service
PREMIER LABORATORIES
(Box 100) 333 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1
Please send your free booklet under plain, sealed cover
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....NS/55

Aliens

ANNABEL FARJEON

London's Festival Ballet is an adventurous company which is always willing to try out foreign artists. The trouble is we are apt to forget that alien art can be just as bad as our own. Serge Diaghilev, also willing to employ different nationalities, was able to weld their talents because of his vast knowledge and exquisite taste. But however famous they were he would never hesitate to demand another score, another design, another ballet if the first attempt did not come up to standard. And for this reason he produced work of a better quality than could be found anywhere else. This lesson in the art of perfecting ballet is often forgotten today, and now the Festival Company furnishes an admirable example of this kind of amnesia.

For the opening of its summer season at the Festival Hall the management has chosen modern Soviet artists to create *The Snow Maiden*. With music by Tchaikovsky, everything is Russian; but the result is negligible. Primarily, the decor is hopeless: the white forest where the snowflakes play has the appearance of a clumsy improvisation, a provincial dancing-school scene, with Father Christmas borrowed from Selfridges. The green glade where, in the Third Act, the Snow Maiden melts beneath the sun's rays, is an uncomfortable muddle. Vladimir Bourmeister's choreography has some competence but, as with so many Soviet masters, a sad lack of invention. This weakness impressed on me the importance of a good choreographic ground pattern: forming and reforming, the groups need to create shapes that build up the atmosphere of the story, as well as satisfying an abstract sense of design.

Belinda Wright is a crisp little miss of a Snow Maiden, but she does not know how to melt. Galina Kekisheva in the Kirov Ballet excerpt was suitably and superbly drenched: this could hardly be equalled, but then Leonide Jacobson's arrangement was also a good deal livelier. Oleg Briansky is a warm, gay lover, with a jealous ex-girlfriend of exceptional talent. In fact Marilyn Burr, with her strong creative energy, made this part the only one in the ballet that was convincingly Russian.

After this childish snow frolic it was delightful to escape to the more adult world of the Ballet Rambert, which is giving a season at Sadler's Wells. The new ballet (preceding Walter Gore and Norman Morrice's latest productions) is *Night Shadow*. But first I must reiterate my praise of *The Sylphide*, which made up the second part of the programme. This 1830s Highland myth is so delicate, so clear-headed and so without cliché, that it is one of the very few ballets a sour critic like myself can look forward to with pleasure. *Night Shadow* compared poorly with *The Sylphide*, for it seemed an over-coloured copy of the same kind of romanticism. The story is about a poet who discovers his host's wife sleep-walking. It is this sleep-walking scene, with the white pleated nightdress, that provides the point of the ballet. The rest is merely capable padding. But the dreaming wife's diagonal *bourrées* backwards across the stage, the way she steps sightlessly over impediments, the solitude and tension – all are wonderfully satisfying.

In this company the dancers seem, like the Russians, completely aware that they are dancing. They project their personalities across the footlights willingly, with a sense of pleasure that is seldom seen in dancers of the Royal Ballet. But Madame Rambert, with her taste and idealism, and her worthily won subsidy increase from the Arts Council, seems to me at present the director most capable of following the heroic dictates of Diaghilev.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,640 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Nations gain their rights to rise
By service and by sacrifice

was recently quoted by Mr R. A. Butler from 'Attock on the Indus', a poem written to celebrate Mr Butler's birth. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a supposed poem written to celebrate the birth of Albert Finney, J. B. Priestley, Cronin, Dr Beeching, Frank Cousins or President Kennedy. Limit 12 lines. Entries by 8 August.

Result of No. 1,637 **Set by Peter Veale**

Readers are invited to write an editorial piece, welcoming new readers, in the event of any one of the following paired publications taking over the other and absorbing some of its features: *Financial Times* and *Daily Worker*; NEW STATESMAN and *The Queen*; *Sunday Times* and *Sunday Telegraph*.

Report

Contestants were chiefly stirred by the prospect of a merger between the *Daily Worker* and capitalism, and by the chance of aiming a few slaps at the 'dear old Staggers'. Trooper Jones slapped like a trooper:

> True, several of your stodgier favourites have trudged over to *Tribune* but all the most obnoxious STATESMAN features have been retained – self-regarding book-reviewers, Muggeridge on Lawrence, Richardson on bird and id, Kerridge on his mates' clothing. The popular parody competition has been taken over by Anthony Howard who continues to contribute his withering parodies of Hugh Massingham at his most remote. Sport, like politics, will

continue to be bird-watched and this week's smart snooker report is by W. H. Auden – balanced by a think-piece on 'Musil and the Decline of the West' by Terry Downes.

Almost no one seemed actually to have read *The Queen* in late years. It has in fact sustained its own momentous merger between smartness and social conscience and would no longer be in the least disposed, for instance, to send out photos of the Royal Family. A. M. Kay did well with the self-congratulations of the *Sunday Times*:

> . . . the *Sunday Telegraph* was something of a stop-gap, a means whereby the public could be drawn away from the cheap, the sensational and the trivial so that they might eventually find the higher standards of journalism which the *Sunday Times* . . .

His eventual split infinitive, however, is surely out of key. Best last words were L. G. Udall's '*Ave cognoscenti, Regina expectabat*'.

Two guineas each to the entries printed. Half a guinea to Trooper Jones.

THE QUEEN

'The NEW STATESMAN?' you murmur incredulously. 'There must be some terrible mistake. Isn't that the magazine that used to bring Daddy out in spots, and that Uncle Percival refused to have in the house?'

Maybe; but the STATESMAN isn't really red, you know. Bright pink, perhaps; which, after all, *is* the season's most fashionable shade.

We are retaining the services of several distinguished contributors: John Freeman – the only man known to have gone the full fifteen rounds with Dame Edith and survived; Kingsley Martin – doyen of Great Turnstile; even now winging his way to Cannes to report on the fauna; 'Charon' – authority on the more morbid aspects of feminine psychology; and, of course, V. S. Pritchett, whose *mots* are eminently portable and a 'must' for every self-respecting cocktail party.

MARTIN FAGG

FINANCIAL TIMES

Oysters are, we know, the toast of many of our readers whose investments have prospered. Pearls, no less, adorn the necks of their wives; pearls which owe their existence to irritants which have found their way into the oyster shell, only to be covered with a smooth and lustrous substance. This, incorporating them into the shell, allows the shell's occupant to exist in comfort again.

The *Financial Times* does not disdain to learn from this humble form of life. The *Daily Worker* symbolises that irritant which has long prevented British commerce and finance from achieving the heights at which it aimed. It has been the irritant to the body of industry. At last, the organ that would have John Bull follow in the trail of the Russian Bear will have bulls and bears enough. For the irritant is to be neutralised through incorporation into the shell of Private Enterprise.

D. R. PEDDY

Journalistic marriage has known many apparently worse-suited bedfellows than ourselves and the *Daily Worker*. Indeed, it can be claimed that ours is truly a union of like minds and purpose. For both papers have traditionally a common dedication, not merely to the factual or entertainment aims of other sheets, but wholly to the betterment of the material lot of our readers.

This was the identical end: the means, it must be granted, sometimes diverged. If we saw money as the route to the good life, our colleague preferred the rigours of the Marxian Way. The goal, as it were, lay *via* the Bourse or the Barricades.

Barricades, however, belong to the age before nuclearism; the Bourse, by contrast, grows more popular each day as the highway to amelioration. We welcome as fellow-travellers there our Marxist brothers-in-hope.

JOHN DIGBY

Healers
of the Mind

An inquiry—specially conducted for the The Sunday Times—into the complex and controversial subject of

PSYCHOTHERAPY

The first report in this important series will be published this weekend in the

SUNDAY TIMES

"The Church
in Parliament"

A series of three programmes devoted to Christians as lawmakers

SUNDAYS at 7 p.m.

July 30th ROMAN CATHOLICS
August 6th NONCONFORMISTS
August 13th ANGLICANS

INDEPENDENT TELEVISION NETWORK

ASSOCIATED ATV TELEVISION

City Lights

TAURUS

Poor little Selwyn, all buskins and bathos. The Treasury may have misled him about the economic situation, but it was he himself who misinterpreted the mood of his audience. He hinted boldly at the need for sweeping, undogmatic measures, and waited; he suggested that the nation was approaching a crisis in its economic and political affairs, and waited; and waited, and waited, until the political and economic and diplomatic correspondents have teased themselves and everyone else into expecting more dramatic stuff than either the situation demanded or Selwyn could produce. The day came. The mouse stood up to produce its mountain, and emitted a tired squeak.

The City, given the chance, is sanguine as well as cynical: was unreasonably ready for something much more red-blooded than it got and is likely to be unreasonably disappointed. There are two factions, of course. One, fast dying out from despair, still hopes for a Tory Chancellor who will solve the payments problem for good by pushing up unemployment to a level high enough to keep the unions in their place. The other, ready to admit that management is as bad as labour, is all for stiffer competition through lower tariffs, the abolition of resale price maintenance as a *quid pro quo* for the dropping of union restrictive practices, and restraint on dividends as a corollary to restraint on wages; it is even ready – industry having a much greater influence on the City than used to be the case a few years ago – for the creation of some kind of national planning board.

But both factions were disappointed. Both, from their different points of view, had been led on to hope for something new – something which would make a decisive break with the round of post-election restrictions, pre-election boom which has become the pattern of Tory economic policy. What they got was the traditional package of crisis measures – seven per cent Bank rate, restrictions on credit, cuts in government expenditure, and a promise (the first victims this time are the teachers, who can obviously increase their productivity only by taking larger classes) to hold back wages in the underpaid public sector. There would be more popular support, no doubt, for a measure which tied the salaries of Cabinet ministers and senior bureaucrats to the success of their policies.

The seven per cent Bank rate, in fact, seems to be a reluctant genuflection to the spirit of Grandma. It may please Mr Jacobssen (from whom we are belatedly to draw a lot of money) and the European central bankers (from whom we have already drawn a lot) but it will certainly not please the US Treasury, which is still worried about short-term capital movements and still trying to keep short-term interest rates down. It is sensible only in the context of a government too flustered to dare ignore Grandma's experience and a Berlin crisis assumed to be over (if one can swallow the idea of cuts in defence at a time when the US is demanding more from Europe) by 1962. The regulator is a great improvement on HP restrictions: but its impact will still be felt by the depressed consumer durable industries and will add another couple of points at once to the rising cost of living – it will be felt most at the margin, where the modest luxuries of those who have to live at the margin are concerned. A ceiling on aid to poorer countries, at a time when the US is putting up its own ceiling, is an open confession of failure – particularly in view of the government's refusal to exercise any control over private investment in sterling area countries.

But the main disappointment for the City was the government's failure to match its short-term measures of restriction with constructive measures. Mr Lloyd paid lip-service, as in his Budget speech, to the idea of long-term planning of national resources, to the dropping of restrictive practices by both sides of industry, to lower tariffs as a means of inducing greater competition. But he had evidently done nothing in the past three angst-riddled months: it was still lip-service. The surtax concessions remain; the question of capital gains – even in its narrowest, professional form – is left to the spring; teachers are to be made an example of the fact that it is stupid to work for the public service.

Is this (given a further rise in a rising cost of living) likely to encourage wage restraint? An end to the rat-race, co-operation between unions and management, is something which both sides are now longing for: but does Selwyn think that he is helping? If he were really to establish his Planning Council, of course, he might get somewhere as far as the economy is concerned. But what about his mates and masters, whose election requirements have rushed the economy up here and down there for ten years past? If we go into Europe, too, the reluctant things may find themselves out of phase with the election cycle. But if we refuse to go in? It's all very difficult. Poor Selwyn has left it for Mac-Europe to deal with next week.

COMPANY MEETING

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

The Thirty-second Ordinary General Meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps Limited was held on 25 July in London.

Mr F. Le Neve-Foster, chairman, in the course of his speech, said:

The Net Profit after taxation is £876,158 compared with £1,010,831. In considering this shortfall, I must remind you of the exceptionally favourable conditions under which the Parent Company operated in the previous high record year. The last eight months of the year under review were an exceptionally difficult period for Production owing to the very poor quality of Potatoes from the 1960 crop. From July onwards for the rest of 1960 continual wet weather was experienced, which seriously affected what originally looked to be a promising crop. As a result although prices per ton looked cheap, the potatoes came to us full of excessive water and in bad condition, which not only led to high processing costs but gave a low yield per ton of the quality of crisps we look to produce.

Quality the Keynote

Quality is the Keynote of our policy and we pay the greatest attention to all matters which are necessary to maintain it, using the finest ingredients available and methods of processing to impart just that difference in flavour and keeping qualities for which Smith's are famous. I make no apologies for repeating our Slogan "There are no Crisps to equal Smith's". To the Public, Crisps still mean "Smith's Crisps".

The Board recommends a final dividend of 30%, plus a cash bonus of 10% making a total of 55% for the year, which represents an effective increase of an additional 9.94% in the dividend when compared with the previous year.

The report was adopted.

Management of
your Investments

To have money invested in Stock Exchange securities is one thing; to acquire the specialised knowledge necessary for their proper management is quite another. There is, however, no need to continue at such a disadvantage. The Trustee Department of the Westminster Bank has for many years offered a service for the management of customers' investments. This provides, at very moderate cost, all the advantages of experienced investment management (in collaboration with your own stockbroker if you wish), yet your personal requirements are always kept in mind. The service can also be used with advantage by institutions, public authorities and those concerned with the management of pension funds. Particulars of this service can be obtained from any branch of the Bank, or from the Manager of the Trustee Department,

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

41 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2

Company News

The Stock Exchange was quite optimistic beforehand: equity prices recovered further and even gilt-edged rose. Mr Lloyd was such a dreary anti-climax that equity prices will hesitate for a time – but they may rise soon, if only on trustee buying.

The latest directive should nip the smaller property companies: the larger ones, like the tobacco companies and brewers, saw the red light some time ago and took suitable precautions. It will be interesting to see how the new arrangements for regulating overseas investment affect Mr Cotton's plans for building an office-skyscraper over Chicago as well as over Grand Central station.

General Electric expected its profit to be somewhat lower at the beginning of the year; by the spring, it was counting on a profit significantly lower than had been expected; the result turns out to be a trading profit down from £4.4m to £2.8m, despite a slight rise in sales, and a maintained dividend which is not fully covered by earnings: things being what they are, and the group overdraft amounting to £16m at end-March, the market would welcome a statement on the capital position.

United Dominions Trust, the giant of the hire purchase finance industry, has had to make the same humiliating confession as its smaller rivals – earnings down from 65 to 20 per cent, less than covering a maintained dividend of 26½ per cent: it is now refusing to lend money on cars more than five years old.

The *National Group* has broken away from the recently-formed Association of Unit Trust Managers on the grounds that it demands too much information.

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Of all the words in the scientific vocabulary, 'penicillin' is probably the most evocative of all that is useful and humanitarian in the quest for knowledge of the natural world. Beside the practical rewards of seeing medicine take its biggest single stride forward, with the saving of the first life by penicillin in 1942, there was the intellectual satisfaction of taking a weapon against lowly but pathogenic organisms from the natural armoury of another lowly organism, a mould. Since then, antibiotics have so proliferated in pharmaceutical research that the latest one is no longer news. But the penicillins still occupy a special place, and certainly not only for historical reasons: unlike many of the other antibiotics which only arrest the multiplication of bacteria, the penicillins breach their cell walls and kill them.

Last week's announcement by Beechams of the new artificial penicillin Penbritin is to be seen as another step in a systematic programme which has been under way for six years. It is no aspersion on the penicillium moulds to list the shortcomings of their products. The natural penicillins have only limited action against a whole range of harmful bacteria, the so-called Gram-negative, which include, for example, the Salmonella of 'food-poisoning'. Moreover, some bacteria which at first succumbed to natural penicillins now hit back: in a process of evolution by artificial selection there came into prominence, as a resurgent threat in the hospital wards, strains of staphylococci which produce penicillinase, a substance chemically inimical

The Care of your Investments

For many years one of the most useful and helpful services offered by Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Company has been its service "The Care of your Investments" whereby it can take charge of your investments and manage them on your behalf. You retain the ownership of your investments, but you are relieved of the responsibilities of supervision and management. Your investments can be handled on your specific instructions; or alternatively, if you so wish, Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Company will manage your portfolio, using its own discretion. The charge is arranged according to the circumstances of each case and in any event it is quite modest.

This service is available through the 35 offices of the Company and the 2,280 branches of the Midland Bank throughout England and Wales. An explanatory booklet entitled "The Care of your Investments" is obtainable from any of them.

Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE: 6, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, EC2

DAVIES INVESTMENTS
LTD
PRIVATE BANKERS
GROSS ASSETS EXCEED £2,500,000

are paying 7½% p.a. interest on deposits for the **eighth** year in succession, with ½% added annually on each **£500** unit.

Details and Audited Balance Sheet from Investment Department N.

DAVIES INVESTMENTS LTD
DANES INN HOUSE 265 STRAND
LONDON WC2

COMING NEXT WEEK

NEW LEFT REVIEW 10

POLITICS OF THE COMMON MARKET/ THE LONG REVOLUTION —II /WORK AND WORKERS' CONTROL /LIVING JAZZ/THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION /NOTEBOOK & REVIEWS

Single Copies—3/6 : Subscription—21/-

NAME

ADDRESS

7 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

to natural penicillins. It was also a pity that the penicilliums did not make a material which would withstand the gastric juices, so that the drug could be administered by mouth rather than by injection; or one which remained in the human body longer and so had to be administered less frequently. Again, although the original penicillins were virtually free from 'side-effects' in most people, a few patients are allergic to them.

Dr Ernst Chain's is the big name behind the chief of the present programmes aimed at so modifying the chemical nature of the penicillin molecule that the deficiencies might be eliminated while retaining the essential germ-killing properties. Chain was, of course, one of the Nobel prizewinners for the 'discovery' of penicillin in Britain, but he has until quite recently been living in Rome because he could not get in Britain the facilities he wanted to continue his research. However, he encouraged experimental work on new penicillins to be carried out at the Beecham Research Laboratories here. It was already known that limited variations in the penicillin molecule could be brought about by adding special chemicals to the broth on which the moulds fed. For example, the phenoxymethyl group could be incorporated to make an oral penicillin – one which resisted the stomach acids.

But a vital step was taken by the Beecham team. From such a treated culture of penicillium they isolated the essential chemical 'nucleus' of penicillin – 6-aminopenicillanic acid or 6-APA. They found means for making it on a commercial scale. With 6-APA as a starting point the invention of an infinite variety of synthetic penicillins became a matter of straight forward chemistry. Making and evaluating hundreds of compounds is a laborious business, but from Beechams we are now getting a succession of important new penicillins which are already saving lives.

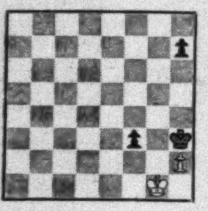
Take 6-APA and add a phenoxyethyl group and you have an oral penicillin which resists stomach juices and gives higher concentrations of penicillin in the blood than the phenoxymethyl oral penicillin which preceded it. It was announced in October 1959 under the trade name Broxil. Take 6-APA and 2,6 dimethoxybenzoic acid and you have Celbenin, announced in September 1960, which resists the action of the staphylococcus' penicillinase, thus making possible a counter attack against the resistant staph. (Do not be misled by the jargon: these are all relatively simple operations for the chemist.) Then take 6-APA and add phenylacetamide and you have Penbritin, whose tests were reported in the *British Medical Journal* last week. This is a 'broad-spectrum' oral drug, capable of dealing with diseases which normally elude penicillins, including infections of the urinary tract and micro-organisms involved in chronic bronchitis, typhoid fever and food poisoning.

Checking back to our list of the shortcomings of the natural penicillins, we see that targets remain: notably the by-passing of allergy to penicillin. But the realisation of three penicillins of great importance at 11-month intervals is an indication of the importance of 6-APA.

The Chess Board

No. 611. Homework Rewarded

Whoever hopes to prosper in the fierce competition of tournaments had better strive for some endgame mastery; whoever harbours such commendable ambitions had better set aside one evening each week for the study of R&P endings and two evenings for P-endings pure and simple; and whoever finds them pure rather than simple might well ask: What did Grigoriev say in 1920? Or, for that matter, at any other time, for he has been, for decades, the undisputed master of P-endings, such as this one, composed in 1920. How is White to secure the draw? Certainly not by 1) Kh1?,Kg4!; 2) Kg1,Kf4; 3) Kf2,Ke4!; 4) Kf1,Ke3; 5) Ke1, f2✠; 6) Kf1,Kf3; 7) h3,h5; 8) h4,Ke3 and Black would win. The only proper way is 1) Kf2!,Kg4; 2) Ke3,h6; 3) Kf2,Kf4; 4) Ke1!! [The only move to save the position], Ke3; 5) Kf1! [Now Black can no longer win, as he certainly would if White had blundered 5) h3?,Kf4; 6) Kf2,h5 etc]. However, after 5) Kf1!,h5; 6) Ke1! we have a basic draw indicated as early as in Berger's classic and in a study by Kling & Horwitz. The main line is . . . f2✠; 7) Kf1,Kf3; 8) h3,Kg3; 8) h4 and draws.



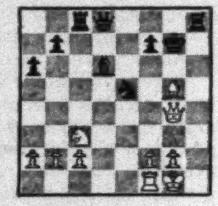
Now here – and let that be a lesson to all of us – is the sad story of one who hadn't done his Grigoriev-homework. In Sarapu-Phillips, New Zealand 1957 this position occurred. /16/6kp/8/5p2/8/5K1P/8/. What happened was 1) Kf3, Kf5; 2) Kf2,Ke4; 3) Ke2,f3✠; 4) Kf2,Kf4; now here's the crucial position of Grigoriev's study, but instead of Ke1! White blundered by 5) Kf1??,Ke3; 6) Ke1,h5; 7) Kf1,h4; 8) Ke1 [h3 wouldn't save him either], f2✠; 9) Kf1,Kf3; 10) h3,Kg3; and White resigned against an opponent who, incidentally, was a boy of 13 at the time of that match.

Now for a happy end, for here (reported by M. Milescu in *Deutsche Schachzeitung*) is a story of Grigoriev-homework properly done and rewarded. In Sedeborg-Drimer, Reykjavik 1957 this position arose; /5r2/5k2/8/2p1p3/p4pR1/6P1/P1P4K/8/. Of course, Black could have won quite simply by . . Ke6, but by swopping rooks instead he gave his opponent a chance of utilising his homework. This is what happened!

1) . . Rg8??; 2) Rg8:, Kg8:; 3) gf:, ef:; 4) Kg2, Kf7; 5) Kf3, Ke6; 6) Ke4, f3; 7) Kf3:, Kd5; 8) Ke3, Kc4; 9) Kd2, Kb4; 10) Kc1, Kc3; 11) Kb1, Kd2 [It looks pretty bleak, but not so for a Grigoriev-connoisseur]; 12) c4!!, Kc3; 13) Kc1, Kc4:; 14) Kc2 [Oddly enough, Black could still win the game if his RP were one step behind on a5; as it is, though, the game is inevitably drawn], Kd4; 15) Kd2, c4; 16) Kc2, c3; 17) Kd1, Kd3; 18) Kc1, c2; 19) a3! and the draw is secured.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position with both Queens *en prise*. How did White force the win very neatly? While C (for 7 ladder-points) is yet another one of those tricky Grigoriev draw-studies, B (for 6) offers some light relaxation. White to win. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 August.

A: Diekmann 1961



B: A. A. Troitzky 1913: /4Kt3/8/7p/4kr2/8/2P4K/3Kt2P1/8/.

C: D. N. Grigoriev 1936: /8/3pp3/16/2K5/8/4P3/k7/.

REPORT on No. 608. Set 7 July

A: 1) . . . Rh5✠; 2) Kh5:, Qh3✠; 3) Kg5, h6✠; 4) Kf4, g5✠; 5) Ke5, Qe6, mate.

B: 1) Kf7, e3; 2) Ktf6✠, Kh8; 3) Ktd5, e2; 4) Ktf4, e1(Q); 5) Ktg6:✠, Kh7; 6) Ktf8✠, Kh8; 7) Ktg6✠ etc.

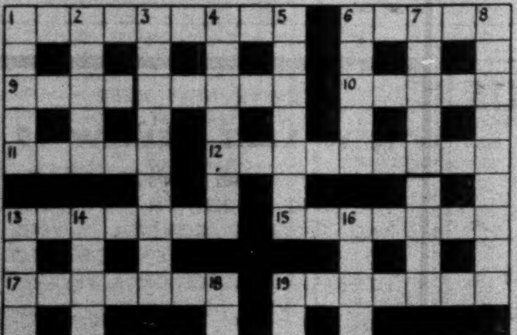
C: 1) f7, Kg7; 2) f8(Q)✠, Kf8:; 3) Rf1✠, Ke8; 4) Rfe1, etc. Or 3) . . . Kg7; 4) Rg2✠, Rg3; 5) Rfg1, etc. Or 4) . . . Kh6; 5) Rh1✠, Rh3; 6) Rgh2, etc.

Not too easy. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, J. W. Ecelson, H. Garfath, G. W. Richardson, C. Sansom. 49th ladder-decade 1) J. W. Atkinson (838), 2) J. W. Ecelson (818), 3) A. J. Sobey (816), 4) W. T. Maccall (773), all going back to scratch. While I am abroad in August and September, entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 468

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 468, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 8 August.



ACROSS

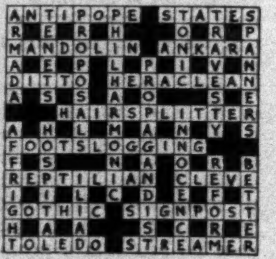
1. Journalists are indeed dejected (9).
6. 'Hardy went down to botanize in the ——' (Chesterton) (5).
9. Whip back with the suit and irons perhaps (4, 5).
10. Lesson which is nearly all unwritten (5).
11. How mates go to sea (5).
12. Everything is about the lamb-owner and shepherdess (9).
13. Boat which has speed without accommodation (7).
15. Ancient lute found among the Nordic hordes (7).
17. Yarn for the vanquished (7).
19. A woman was wounded and spoke incoherently (7).
20. Peer among the swindles for sources of light (9).
22. Deduce how another world starts (5).
25. Ingenuous backing for a conference venue (5).
26. Means of curing the mate wrecked in the river (9).
27. Stories which may be told backwards (5).
28. Try Hermes in the guise of a would-be poet (9).

DOWN

1. Artist who has to get rid of hot air? (5).
2. A beating for the seeds (5).
3. Same tonic dispensed for an eulogist (9).
4. Food which would do for a wise man without a country (7).
5. Relative about to take the lead as a villain (7).
6. Man who puts a decoration into words (5).
7. First victim of leg-pull (5, 4).
8. The friend is possibly dead although behind the defences (9).
13. Slow peers reform but are lacking in authority (9).
14. Rushed up on a sailor telling a tale (9).
16. Comet time revised for people meeting (9).
18. Goddess encountered amid animals (7).
19. Flower in my power (7).
21. Verses which contain untruths about the north (5).
23. Fast ships (5).
24. It goes up and down and round and round (5).

SET-SQUARE

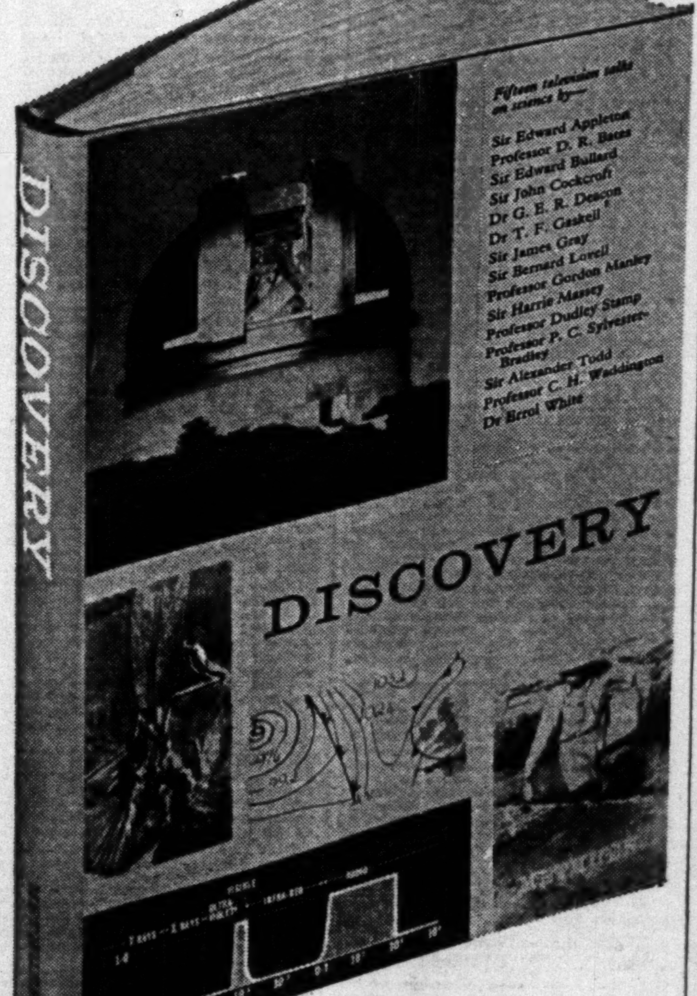
Solution to No. 466



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 466

D. A. Feldman (Montreal)
A. Corlett (Paignton)
Jack Padwa (Tel Aviv)

Out this week



Fifteen television talks by some of Britain's leading scientists, illustrated—order through booksellers—12/6d—published by Methuen's for— **GRANADA TV**

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GOVERNMENT OF HONG KONG

A Statistician (Special Duties) is required in the Commerce and Industry Department, Hong Kong. Candidates, preferably under 55, should possess an Honours Degree in Economics (with Statistics as one of the subjects taken). Previous experience in the preparation of National Income Statistics is essential. Duties will consist of the preparation of National Income Statistics and of estimates in respect of recent years; also the setting up of machinery and training of local staff for the compilation of future estimates of National Income

Appointment will be on contract for 18-24 months. Salary, depending on experience, in scale £2,955; £3,045; £3,135; £3,225 (male); £2,216; £2,284; £2,351; £2,419 (female).

Contract gratuity of £68 15s. (male) or £56 5s. (female) for every completed period of 3 months resident service. Free passages. Generous home leave. Free medical attention.

Apply, in first instance with summary of personal particulars, to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, SW1, from whom further details may be obtained. Please quote ref. No. BCD 149/51/06/A4 and state full name.

AUSTRALIA
TECHNICAL OFFICER
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
FACULTY OF MEDICINE SCHOOL OF PHYSIOLOGY

The Medical School of the University of New South Wales has accepted its first students, who will spend three years in pre-medical and pre-clinical studies before entering the teaching hospitals.

Courses in Physiology will form an important part of the pre-clinical years, and will be linked with the study of Biochemistry and Anatomy and later courses in clinical medicine.

Well-equipped laboratories will be provided in the new School of Medicine, now under construction at Kensington. The building is expected to be ready early in 1962.

A Technical Officer is required to supervise the technical staff of the School of Physiology and the organisation of laboratories for practical classes.

Applicants should have an appropriate degree or diploma or equivalent qualifications. Experience in mammalian laboratory work would be particularly valuable.

Salary: £A1,393 range £A2,063 per annum. Commencing salary is determined by qualifications and experience.

Further information on the activities of the School of Physiology may be obtained from the University.

Four copies of applications, including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded to the Appointments Section, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, NSW, by air-mail to reach there before 15 September 1961.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SLOUGH COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Principal: A. Edgar, MSc., MA

DEPARTMENT OF MANAGEMENT, COMMERCE AND GENERAL EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer to teach Economics and Statistics up to and including Final Professional level.

Candidates should be suitably qualified. Experience in teaching and Industry or Commerce would be an advantage.

Salary on the Burnham Technical scale for Lecturers viz: £1,370 x £35 to £1,550.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, College of Further Education, William Street, Slough, Bucks, to whom completed forms should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of the advertisement.

TUTORS, male or female, reqd to teach foreign students English 3 hours mornings, London (Streatham). Permanency or otherwise. Write in detail to Box 4630.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Applications are invited from candidates with special interest in industrial economics and/or problems of business management for a RESEARCH/TEACHING FELLOW in APPLIED ECONOMICS. Duties to begin 1 October 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience in the range £750-£1,000 with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applics (4 copies) & the names & addresses of 3 referees should be sent by 19 August 1961.

QUEEN ELIZABETH COLLEGE
(University of London)
Campden Hill Road, London, W8.

RESEARCH SOCIOLOGIST required in the DEPARTMENT OF NUTRITION for an investigation of social factors affecting nutrition. The duties may include some teaching for BSc. (Nutrition) Course. Salary in the range £1,110-£1,460.

Applications to the Secretary by 18 August.

FIRCROFT COLLEGE
SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM, 29

Applications are invited for the post of RESIDENT TUTOR. Fircroft provides one-year residential courses in liberal studies for working-men. The applicant should be qualified by his degree and experience to lecture in the range of ECONOMICS, POLITICS, TRADE UNION STUDIES or INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS and to undertake individual tutorial work.

Salary on University scales: £800 by £50 to £950 with possible promotion to next grade (£1,050 by £50 to £1,400). Only bachelor accomm available. Further particulars from the Warden.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Applications are invited for the teaching post of

ASSISTANT IN MUSIC

Salary on scale £800-£950 with appropriate placing. FSSU, child allowance and removal allowance. Preference will be given to candidate with an intimate knowledge of 20th century music. Further particulars from the Secretary, The University, Aberdeen, with whom applications (2 copies) should be lodged not later than 12 August 1961.

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
ACCRINGTON COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
ASSISTANT LECTURER FOR LIBERAL EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the above post. The person appointed will be concerned mainly with stimulating interest in liberal studies in industrial apprentices aged 15 to 21, attending day release courses. He will also be expected to teach ENGLISH to GCE and Commercial students.

Only persons with wide interests and a genuine desire to help the development of young people should apply. A graduate is preferred.

Salary will be in the range of £520 to £1,000 (Grade 'A') or £700 to £1,150 (Grade 'B') plus additional allowances for graduates. The starting salary will be determined by teaching or industrial experience.

Application forms obtainable from P. A. Tomlinson, Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, Gothic House, Accrington, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

COUNTY OF LEICESTER
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of CHILD CARE OFFICER, to undertake cross-section of work in one area of the County. Salary on scale £665-£975, starting point by arrangement. Child Care Certificate or similar qualification preferred. Driving licence essential, or willing to learn.

Apply by letter (no forms) giving details of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, 152 London Road, Leicester. Closing date 12 August 1961.

INFORMATION Assistant – Post offering scope to methodical person interested in classifying material about overseas aid programmes, and with ability to work same into news-releases. Starting salary about £600. Apply Oxfam, 17 Broad Street, Oxford, marking envelopes 'I.A. Personal'.

PHYSICISTS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

A SCIENTIFIC CAREER SECOND TO NONE

Following are examples of vacancies at SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£738-£1,222) or SENIOR SCIENTIFIC OFFICER (£1,342-£1,654) level now available:

NATIONAL GAS TURBINE ESTABLISHMENT, Pyestock, Hants. Problems related to transient phenomena: noise, vibration, thermal shock (Scientific Officer).

RADIO RESEARCH STATION, Ditton, Slough, Bucks. SPACE RESEARCH including radio and visual observations on SATELLITES: Calculation and prediction of orbital information, and development of instruments for use in Satellites to study characteristics of ATMOSPHERE and OUTER SPACE (Scientific Officer).

NAVAL CONSTRUCTION RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, Dunfermline – post for a Mathematician or Mathematical Physicist to work on dynamic behaviours of structures, elastic stability stress analysis and plastic collapse in close liaison with experimental division. The Establishment possesses a strong electronics computing group. (Senior Scientific Officer).

ARMAMENT RESEARCH and DEVELOPMENT ESTABLISHMENT, Fort Halstead, Sevenoaks, Kent – basic investigations of OPTICAL SYSTEMS in INFRA-RED and PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS. (Scientific Officer or Senior Scientific Officer).

There are many other vacancies in PHYSICS, ENGINEERING and most other scientific disciplines. All posts carry a pension. Good promotion prospects. Enquiries to Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, stating age, qualifications, etc.

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

(APT Grade III – £960-£1,140) required. Preference given to applicants holding a Social Science Diploma and/or Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Ability to drive a car essential. The appointments offer good all round experience in casework. Recently qualified candidates will be considered. Application forms from the Clerk, County Hall, Dorchester, to be returned as soon as possible.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for posts of one man and three women CHILD CARE OFFICERS. Salary within the scale £665 to £975, according to qualifications and experience. Advanced starting point within the scale for persons holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care.

Application forms and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

Second Advertisement

NORFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited from suitably experienced married couples for the posts of Supervisors at The Lodge, Bramerton, near Norwich, a Remand Home for boys and girls accommodating a total of 26.

Husband and wife will each receive salaries on the scale £550 x £25 – £650 per annum, plus £30 if in possession of the Home Office Residential Child Care Certificate, less £120 per annum for board and lodging. The commencing salary will be commensurate with qualifications and experience.

A furnished room is provided but there is no accommodation for resident Officers' children.

The appointments are superannuable and subject to medical examination.

Application forms and further particulars, obtainable from the Children's Officer, 20 Lower Clarence Road, Norwich, to whom completed forms should be returned by 12 August 1961.
F. P. BOYCE, Clerk of the Council.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, 'Garvary', Dryden Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx. One of three Psychiatric Social Workers. Should hold a Mental Health Cert. PTA salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, Brettenham Rd, Edmonton, N18, returnable by 31 August. (Quote G.854 NS.)

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of CHILD CARE OFFICER. Degree, social science qualification, or Child Care Officer's Certificate required.

Salary on special scale £665-£975 p.a. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience; at least £820 if in possession of Child Care Officer's Certificate.

Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. PO Box 93. Closing date for applications – 14 August 1961.

SECRETARY

required by Industrial Relations Officer of industrial group at their West End Head Office. The post is suitable for a lady aged 23-35, with good education, shorthand typing speeds 120/65 and the ability to deal competently with confidential secretarial duties. An interest in industrial relations work would be welcomed. Hours 8.45-5 p.m., no Saturdays, luncheon vouchers. Commencing salary £650-£700 per annum, reviewed annually.

Please write to Box 4686.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

PARENTS

are invited to call with teenage sons and daughters, by appointment if preferred. Excellent openings with leading London employers for this term's school and college leavers.

Stella Fisher Bureau,
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644

Licensed Annually by LCC.
Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Associate Professor in Ancient History. Applications are invited for the position of Associate Professor in Ancient History in the Department of History. The salary will be £A3,300 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A42 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 7 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. University College of Townsville. The University College of Townsville established in 1961 to provide first year courses in a number of Faculties will be further developed in 1962 when second year courses will be offered in Arts, Science and Engineering. Additional academic positions have been established and the University invites applications for the positions shown below. The salary ranges which will be subject to the addition of a northern allowance of £A30 p.a. are as follows: Senior Lecturer – £A2,520-70-£A2,870 and Lecturer – £A1,830-70-£A2,330. The successful applicants will be entitled to participate in the benefits available to the academic staff of the University of Queensland which include FSSU type Superannuation, Housing Assistance, Study Leave and Travel Grants. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in History: Preference will be given to applicants with a postgraduate degree and overseas experience. The main fields concerned are European and/or British and/or Australian History. Lecturer in English Language and Literature: Applicants should possess a good Honours Degree in English and should either hold a higher degree or be actively engaged in research work leading to a higher degree. Experience as a University Teacher will be treated as an important qualification. Lecturer in Geography: Applicants should possess a good Honours Degree in Geography and should either hold a higher degree or be actively engaged in research leading to a higher degree. Lecturing duties will cover both physical and economic aspects of Geography. Additional information on the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close on 31 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in German. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post from candidates able to teach German language and literature up to MA Honours standard. Adequate opportunities and facilities for research are available. The salary scale for this position is £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700; commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 1 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand, Senior Lectureship in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should be well qualified in the teaching of English language. The salary scale for the position is £1,750 per annum, rising to £2,000 per annum. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 8 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The successful applicant will be required to take up duty on or about 1 January 1962. A good knowledge of Nineteenth and Twentieth Century French literature, and postgraduate experience in France are desirable but not essential. A good command of spoken French is, however, indispensable. The commencing salary will be fixed within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £A2,435 per annum, plus cost-of-living adjustments at present amounting to £A42 per annum. Superannuation, Study Leave provisions and housing assistance apply for a permanent appointee and in the case of housing assistance for a married appointee. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough Hse, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applicns close, in Australia and London, on 18 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Russian. The Council intends to institute the teaching of Russian within the University in 1962 and applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Since there is no existing Department of Slavonic Languages, the Lecturer will initially be attached to the Department of German and will be responsible to the Council, through the Head of that Department, for such duties, including examining, as may be required of him. The salary scale for the position is £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 per annum by annual increments of £75 each. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 8 September 1961.

BBC requires Trainees for posts in News and Current Affairs covering Sound and Television News and Sound Current Affairs departments. Candidates must have writing ability and be able to show keen interest in current affairs. After a training period trainees will be able to compete for posts as sub-editors, script-writers, reporters, or producers, in London or the Regions. Candidates with a strong preference for Regional work should say so. Progress is possible, in competition, to senior editorial/production posts. Training salary, according to qualifications, not less that £1,060 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.329 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

WARREN Spring Laboratory (DSIR) Human Sciences Section requires officer to carry out research in relation to the design of hand-and-foot controls of machines and equipment, and associated enquiry and advisory duties. Suitable candidates will include those with a 1st or 2nd Hons degree in natural science, engineering or physiology, with subsequent experience in ergonomics, for whom the grading of Scientific Officer or Senior Scientific Officer will be appropriate. (Interim) Salary ranges. Scientific Officer £717 to £1,186, Senior Scientific Officer £1,302 to £1,604. Application forms and further information from the Director, Warren Spring Laboratory, Gunnels Wood Lane, Stevenage, Herts, quoting 16S/S.

WARREN Spring Laboratory (DSIR) Human Sciences Section requires Assistant Experimental Officer to assist with the technical information services of the Section. Duties include answering technical enquiries under supervision, and arrangements for informal conferences. Suitable for candidates, preferably female in the 20-28 range, interested, or continuing their studies, in human science. Quals: Min. of GCE 'A' level passes in two science subjects: over age 22, pass degree or equiv. generally expected. Interim salary range: £450 10s. (age 18) – £625 (age 22) – £957. Application forms and further information from Director, Warren Spring Laboratory, Gunnels Wood Road, Stevenage, Herts, quoting 15G. Closing date 14 August 1961.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

MUSEUMS Association. Applications are invited from men or women for the post of Assistant Secretary. Salary within the range £750-£900 depending on qualifications which should include a degree or equivalent experience. Applications (two copies) stating age and details of education, previous and present appointments, together with names of two referees, should reach the Secretary, Museums Association, 33 Fitzroy Street, London, W1, not later than 10 August 1961.

LAST year we had no water, no electricity and no graduates. This year we have water and graduates, and electricity is just round the corner; but our girls are forbidden to offer Science at O Level because we have no Science Graduate on the staff. If you have a Science Degree will you come to this Nigerian Grammar School and teach? The immaterial rewards are great and the material ones quite reasonable. Full details (and London interview) from Box 4679.

HAMPSTEAD: experienced teacher of backward, disturbed children required for small group 19 September. Four mornings weekly, 9.30-11 a.m. Box 4697.

LONDON County Council. Senior Mental Welfare Officer (man or woman), preferably holding social science qualification, required for duties under Mental Health Act 1959, to work as member of divisional mental health social worker team and to undertake night and weekend duty on rota basis at County Hall. £940-£1,300, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Car mileage allowance. Assisted car purchase scheme. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/2079/7), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 9 August.

ST CLEMENT'S Hospital, Bow Road, E3. Psychiatric Social Worker required. Whitley Council salary and conditions. St Clement's Hospital is being developed as a psychiatric hospital of approximately 120 beds, taking mainly informal patients but with a small number of beds reserved for compulsory admissions. A day hospital has recently been opened together with new wards and an out-patient department. There will be liaison with the local health authorities, and the post offers considerable opportunity to a worker interested in developing a service under the Mental Health Act. Application forms obtainable from Lindsay Nicholas, Group Secretary, St Clement's Hospital, Bow Road, London, E3. (Quote ref. S/3.)

THE Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at their new Southport Home, which it is hoped will be opened later this year. The Home provides accommodation for 20 permanent residents and 12 holiday guests. It is purpose-built and incorporates all modern amenities for the welfare of the blind and the comfort of the staff. Applications in confidence to Mr D. Suppree, JP, 5 Ainsdale Avenue, Singleton Road, Salford, 7.

ASSISTANT Warden: The Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Society invite applications for this appointment at their residential Home (30 beds). Nursing experience an advantage, not essential. Salary according to qualifications. Good accommodation. Apply Warden, Gardeners' Country Home, Horton, Nr Slough, Bucks. Colnbrook 2103.

SERVICE of Youth: Should you intend to make Youth-Leadership your career, the oldest and largest, but also forward looking Jewish Boys' Club offers you an excellent opportunity, together with good salary and conditions. Residential accom. available. Reply with references and full particulars of age, education and experience to P. Y. Mayer, Youth Director, Brady Clubs & Settlement, 192 Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, London, E1.

BRITISH Student Tuberculosis Foundation, Pinewood Hospital, Wokingham, Berkshire. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary, which will be vacant in September. Duties are as the administrator of this student charity and warden of the Student Unit at Pinewood Hospital. Ability to type essential; university graduates preferred. Salary range £650-£800 p.a., according to experience and qualifications. House available, if required. Further particulars on request; applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent by 16 August 1961 to the Chairman of the Foundation at the above address.

SECRETARY/Research Assistant required for Commercial & Economic Analyst of large industrial Company SW1. Must have first-class shorthand-typing and ability to extract and tabulate statistical and commercial data. University degree and statistical experience an advantage but not essential. Good salary and luncheon vouchers. Write Box 4621.

THE Co-operative Party invites applications for the post of Research Officer. Salary £975 – £1,125. Superannuation Scheme. Knowledge of the Co-operative Movement essential. Application forms from The Co-operative Party, 54 Victoria St, London, SW1. Not later than 3 August.

ENGLISH for Foreigners. Experienced teachers required for writing textbooks. Box 4666.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist for Department of Political Economy; preferably aged 25-35; with secretarial experience and good speeds. Interesting post; good holidays. Applics: Assistant Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Council, Recruitment Department, London, requires Assistant to arrange interview programmes, selection boards, etc. Good general education and typing ability required. Previous office experience desirable. Starting salary up to £660 at age 25 or over (plus typing allowance if qualified) rising to £875. Opportunities promotion. Pension scheme. Five-day week. Write with brief details of age, qualifications, experience and present salary to Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, W1. Quote H.9 NS(61). Closing date 4 Aug.

NATIONAL Library for the Blind. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary at a commencing salary of £750 p.a. The holder deputises, when required, for the Secretary who is also the administration officer at the Library's Westminster Head Office and needs, accordingly, to become both adaptable and versatile. In general, however, the post calls for good clerical ability rather than for librarianship per se. 35-hour working week, Mondays to Fridays: Pension scheme. Applications, giving details of age, education, qualifications and experience and quoting the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Director-General, National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, SW1 by 3 August latest.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, EC4. Has vacancy for secretary/assistant to Editor; job includes helping with magazine and booklet production and press liaison. Good general education essential, speeds 100/50. Salary range £10-£12 according to age and experience. 5 day week, luncheon vouchers. Telephone for appointment HOL. 3456, ex. 103.

SHORTHAND-typist required. English mother-tongue and some knowledge of French, German or Scandinavian essential. Good salary and conditions for suitable applicants. Trade union background or interest an advantage. Apply Office Manager, ITF, Maritime House, Old Town, Clapham, SW4. MAC. 5501 (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.).

SECRETARY to General Secretary of international organisation required; good speeds, initiative, interest in education and welfare. Graduate preferred. Details: World University Service, WEL. 3921.

IF you are an efficient shorthand-typist with charm, humour & at least 2 continental languages, telephone GRO. 6510 and ask for the Director of Studies.

SECRETARY sh./typist wanted for News Desk of national daily paper. Must be intelligent & quick. Interesting job. Box 4643.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required by West End Merchant House. Interesting and responsible position. Commencing salary for senior £700 p.a. 5-day week. LV's. Non-contributory Pension Scheme. Holidays honoured. Write fully to Box 4628.

PERSONNEL Department needs girl Graduate to assist in fact-finding and presentation. Must like typing and indexing and be interested in Personnel Management. Please send brief details to Chief Personnel Officer, The De La Rue Co. Ltd, Berger House, Berkeley Square, W1.

A COMPETENT shorthand-typist urgently needed for London headquarters of Quaker international work. Salary according to ability. Apply to Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

SHORTHAND-typist required for interesting work in Research & Publicity office of Trade Union at Clapham. Salary £540 if over 21, rising by service increments to £676 p.a. 5-day week and superannuation scheme. Applications to Box 4648.

SECRETARY, 22/23, for Pottery Showrooms, W1. Salary to £11. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

GOODWOOD for some, but good jobs for many at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

COPY-typists: temporary, 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

BORED? Work profitably odd days; Secretarial TIPS Agency. WHI. 8002.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DESERTED wife (SRN) with month-old child sks living-in post. Box 4670.

CAPABLE young man (graduate) seeks worthwhile position with publishing firm: preferably one with possibility of acquiring interest. Box 4673.

YOUNG man (30), Non-U, seeks opening in social work field. Box 4688.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—contd

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

APOLLO Agency: typewriting, duplicating. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/ Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

DUPLCTG/Typg MSS. Mod. chgs. Mary Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

THE English Translation Agency, 20 Notting Hill Gate, W11. PARk 3282.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BARGAIN – 1 girl offered share Sth Kensington flat. £2 p.w. KEN. 2515.

ROOM with ckg facs in flat nr British Museum for student. 3½ gns. Box 4705.

BLOOMSBURY, on square. Two-room furn. flat, share bathroom. 3½ gns p.w. Professional woman preferred. Box 4701.

DOUBLE furn. flat with own b. & k., off Holland Pk Ave. 6 gns. BIS. 7807.

MAISONETTE, contemp. furn., 2 bedrms. SE Ldn nr Blackheath. Box 4706.

2 sunny s/c. sgle rms, use kit., etc. H. & c. w. 6 mins tube. MEA. 2424.

HAM. 0027 – Fourpence will put you in touch with the most efficient letting specialists in NW London. Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3.

30 mins West End. Attract. furn. rm for gentleman. Electric fire, cooker, h. & c. water. Large garden. TUD. 0651 after 7.

FAMILY house London (Highgate) available 25 Aug. to 5 Sept.; 5 beds; all con.; reasonable. GUL. 7355 or Box 4746.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

S/C. furn. semi-basement flat, two large light rooms, enclosed bath, small kitchen. Lovely position, 4 mins Heath and buses to City and West End. Suit 2 men, £4 10s. p.w. No racial prejudice. Box 4687.

AUGUST: Advertiser offers attract. riverside house outskirts St Albans; London 30 mins by rail; resident maid; v. modest terms by arrangement. Tel. St Albans 51008

EDINBURGH Festival. West End attractive flat with gdn. Daily help. Box 764 Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Sq., Edin.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

LIBRARIAN and wife urgently seek unfurn. accom. London, pref. West. References available. Box 4641.

WOMAN Civil Servant wishes buy unexpired lease of flat London. Box 4589.

WANTED for 3-4 weeks September: bed-sit.-room or flat at reasonable rent for 2 European visitors. Box 4709.

YOUNG German student (m.) seeks moderate furn. room with an English family, breakfast & evg meal; willing give German lessons. Area fairly central, St Johns Wood, Marylebone prefd. Box 4690.

YNG married couple sk s/c. furn. flat Bloomsbury/Islington area. Box 4741.

YOUNG actor reqs lge bed-sit. or share flat, central London. Box 4758.

MEDICAL student 26, BA, seeks share in Islington flat. Write G. Rooth, 12 De Vere Gardens, W8.

PLEASE help. Urgently required. Furnished or unfurnished cottage at low rental. Anywhere. Box 4633.

MUSIC teacher requires from 31 August, semi-/unfurn. flat/cottage in or near Dursley, Glos. Box 4738.

PERSONAL

LADY wd join car party Paris, Austria, Jugoslavia 18-25 August. Box 4680.

OLDISH widow would like contact other retired people (living alone, men & women) with view buy/share country house (found Essex). Expenses v. mod. Box 4651.

PERSONAL—continued

FOSTER home required for little girl of four years and her younger brother who have been abandoned by their parents. They need understanding foster parents who will help them to develop normally and happily. Apply to the Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. Tel.: CEN. 4124.

GRAMMAR school girl, aged 17, wishes to stay with good family in Hampstead area, pref. sharing family life with children of similar age. Partial board. Box 4634.

CANTERBURY – Herne Bay. Newcomer to area would welcome meeting socialist(s). Box 4522.

COTTAGE to let country estate rural East Sussex. Please write Box 4636.

CARAVAN available East Sussex, 12 miles sea, secluded trout stream. Box 4637.

MUSIC. Able amateurs or aspiring pros under 30 wanting join others to play chamber (instr., voice, piano) for fun write stating instrument and ability to Box 4682.

BOYS and girls from twelve to eighteen boarded (throughout the year if necessary) in English-German speaking family in Cotswold country house near several well-known schools, including a Rudolf Steiner School. Five acre grounds with tennis court and small swimming pool. Mrs P. Gorge, BA, The Hollies, Chalford, Stroud, Glos.

FLAT wanted in exchange for child, house or secretarial help Windsor/Slough. Self, husband, baby. Box 4521.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join Now. Entrance fee suspended during summer months. Enquiries about membership and full programme of exhibitions, lectures, discussions, concerts, library facilities, apply to Secretary (M), 17 Dover Street. Club and licensed bar.

YNG modern artist accepts commissions: paintings/murals. Home/bus. Box 4650.

INDIVIDUAL teaching and happy home offered to backward boy for next 2 or 3 terms. Companionship to similar boy of 9. Wheeler, Pebble Court, Swinbrook, Oxford.

TAPE recorders, Hi-Fi equipment, cameras, projectors, special terms for prof. people. Our quotations are most interesting. Please state wants. Box 4669.

THE newly-opened West Bow Partisan Coffee House, Edinburgh (46 Victoria Street off George IV Bridge), has some fine stone walls which it would be glad to place at the disposal of exhibitors during the Festival. Open 10 a.m.-11 p.m. during Festival period.

RESEARCH, routine or esoteric, cheerfully undertaken. Reports prepared with precision. Box 4655.

SALZBURG: 1 or two car seats avail. leaving London 19 Aug. PRI. 2073 evgs.

SHORTHAND-typists required: Temporary, 10-5 p.m. £12. MUSeum 6858.

EXPERIMENTAL Communal Society to be founded in South Pacific. Seek 150 creative members (21-40). Apply Philia, Box 1149, Washington, 13, DC, USA.

BRING out your latent talents. Pelmanism will eliminate your difficulties and strengthen and develop qualities of the utmost value in every walk of life. Write for free copy of 'The Science of Success', which fully describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street, London, W1. WELbeck 1411.

GAGARIN souvenir postage stamps and postcards and other packets and wallets of stamps and view cards are on sale at Collet's/Central Books stall at the Soviet Exhibition, or at Collet's Russian Bookshop (N14), 44/45 Museum St, London, WC1.

CEYLON: Overland Coach, departing 10 Sept., visiting France, Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India. Fare £105. Free brochure. Box 4516.

CENTRAL London non-professional Theatre Club welcomes new members. Now casting 'Summer and Smoke', 'Antigone', 'The Infernal Machine', Shakespeare, etc. Box 4558.

DE LEON Drama Summer School. Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook. 1-12 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Educ. Write 254b Kew Rd, Richmond, Sy.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House, Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

PERSONAL—continued

NATIONAL Charity assisting Refugees and others, office in West End, seeks person to advise on and carry out Appeal publicity, including press advertising, printed material, etc. Someone with a personal concern for Christian or Charitable work, with all-round exper. who will take an interest in the attainment of max. results. Kindly write Administrator, Box 4708.

CASH Prizes in Aug. Story Competition. Free entry form and helpful booklet from British Institute of Fiction-Writing Science Ltd, 72 Fleet Street, London, EC4.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Lessons and exercises by top journalists and fiction writers. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

MRS P. Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2. GLA 2400.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N) Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

COPYING – house and garage plans and documents copied photographically. Clear Copies Ltd, CITy 5132.

£100 – £50 – £25 Prizes in easy Quiz Competition. Send for Free Entry form – plus free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No sales – no fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond St, London, W1.

NOT C. of E.? Perhaps Humanist. Write Ethical Union (F), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923, also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house, lovely valley. 8 gns. Mid-Sept. 7 gns. 'Steanbridge', Nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

VISITORS to London. Comfortable accom. with breakfast. BAY. 1310.

NORTH Wales. Vegetarian and Vegan Guest House, nr mountains & sea. Lovely woodland garden. Brochure from Jeannie and George Lake, 'Plas-y-coed', Penmaen Park, Llanfairfechan. Tel. 161. VCA Mem.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Highham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. Vacancies 5/12 August. George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house standing in 4 acres off the beaten track, all our own produce, billiards, croquet, putting, licensed bar, an ideal spot for a quiet holiday. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield, Rogate 93.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world (25s. for six months.)
U.S.A. $9 (surface) $19 (air).
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air freight to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa (Johannesburg), India 98s.; Australia 130s.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evenings 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Kreutzer Sonata'. Members.

MERMAID. CITy 7656. O'Casey's 'The Bishop's Bonfire'. 6.0, 8.40.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. Albert Finney as 'Luther' by John Osborne.

THE Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . . the new revue going to the Saville Theatre 23 August. Book now.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Bertolt Brecht's 'The Visions of Simone Machard'. 'Splendidly effective . . . the company seem inspired . . .' Times. Last 3 perfs. Opening 11 Aug. 'Beer and Skittles'. Adv. Bkg 10-1 & 6-10. Members annual subscription 5s. Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays only, 7.45.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 (Monday, 21 Aug. at 7)

Tickets: 9s. and 6s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors only.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 30 July: 'The Apartment' (A). From 31 July: Alec Guinness in 'The Lavender Hill Mob' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION

Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.

Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

GANYMED Gallery. New pictures by Cezanne, de Stael, Matisse, Ochterveldt. Also unique series of cards showing Picasso Ceramics from the Museum at Antibes. Illus. Cat. 2s. 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork St, W1. Hilton, Hitchens, Heron, Frost, Yeats, Wynter, etc. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Old Masters at under £200. 9.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Artist in His Studio – Photographs by Alexander Liberman. Until 26 August. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., members free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. At the New London Gallery. Till 11 Aug. Henry Moore Stone and Wood Carvings. In aid of RAF Benevolent Fund. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

MOLTON Gallery. John Plumb: Paintings. 19 July-5 August. South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 5 Aug. Paintings by Douglas Bland and Douglas Portway.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints – Bawden, Chadwick, Cheese, Grant, Gross, Piper, Rothenstein, Trevelyan, etc. Open now.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. St John Child, Dorothy Richard, Ann Ryves: Paintings. 31 July-19 Aug. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9 5s Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq. W1

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ATV's 'Forum', Sunday, 30 July. Motion: 'Radicalism, not Socialism, is the road to power for the Left'. Main Speakers: Derick Mirfin and W. E. J. McCarthy. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in 'live' programme? Be at the studio, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. John Lee on 'Colonial Africa'. 7.30 p.m. Wed., 2 Aug., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

A SYMPOSIUM on collective guilt and responsibility. The New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1, on Wed., 2 August at 8 p.m.

BERLIN. Negotiate. Westminster CND goes to meet the People. Join mass leafletting Saturday next, 29 July, Victoria Palace, 11 a.m. Public Meeting Manette Street (by Foyle's), 4 p.m., followed by Poster Parade. FRE. 2183.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 30 July, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Is Socialism still relevant?': M. L. Burnet.

2,000 delegates, 50 nationalities, 1 language: Universal Esperanto Congress, Harrogate, Aug. 1961. British Esperanto Assn, 140 Holland Park Avenue, W11.

THE New Jewish Society's 2nd Riverboat Dance – Saturday, 29 July 1961. Embark Charing Cross Pier 7.30 p.m. Return 11.30 p.m. Tickets 15s. (incl. buffet meal) from Asst Sec., 206 Evering Rd, E5. (AMH. 7048)

'THEOSOPHICAL Propositions of Psychology'. Public lecture, 30 July, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

SILENCE till Peace Campaign Inaugural Meetg Tues 8 Aug Friends House 7.30

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ. 33 Belgrave Square. SW1 BEL 3351

LECTURES COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages. School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club. 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005 All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees. Diplomas. Law. Profess. exams. Mod fees. Prosp (mention exam.) from E. W Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894)

LECTURE COURSES etc.—continued

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N26, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

RUSSIAN language and literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 4320.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11 PARk 4654

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses Gregg and Pitman Shorthand Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN 4771

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition BAYswater 1786

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

EVENING Drama Course, Studio Theatre, Kensington, 21-25 August. £6 6s. Several 7-Day Courses Kensington and Leatherhead Theatre, Surrey. £9 9s. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Rd, Barnes, SW13. WIM. 2161.

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners. Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3795

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

GREEK and Italian Villa Parties for intelligent young people. Prices (from 41 gns in Italy and 59 gns in Greece) include free trips by minibus, car, boat or 'Murison-cart', free wine, use of snorkels (aqualungs on Elba) and travel mostly by air. Murison Small, Travel Organiser, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. PARk 7055.

ITALIA '61, comf. room available Turin now £4 weekly. Write Neil Hope, Visitors, Australia House, London, WC2.

FRENCH Riviera. Hotel Pension Les Orangers, 16 Rue Des Lilas, Nice. Full board £1 9s., bed and breakfast and evening meal £1 3s., all in. Garden. Free parking. English spoken.

SPAIN. Rooms 2 beds with kitchen. Sept. 14s. day, 2 persons. V. Vilanova, Carr. Gerona 71, Palamos, Costa Brava.

PARIS. Palais-Royal. S/c. 1-rm flat, h. & c., own tel. £4 (50 n. frs) p.w. Vacant now until October. Bailey, REG. 3413.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

USSR by mini-bus & camping tour leaving 20 Aug. for 36 days. £78. Vagabond Travel Ltd, 112 Fleet St, EC1. LUD. 9305

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AUGUST 'Labour Monthly'. War Threat – Why? Andrew Rothstein; The Case Against the Common Market: J. E. Mortimer; Boilermaker Speaks to Miners: E. J. Hill; African Workers Unite: Ian Page; 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts, amateurs and intelligent beginners. Spec. copy 1s. 6d. from: The Linguist (NS), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

IMMIGRATION and the Colour Bar; Are Strikes Illegal? Labour Research, 1s. 2d. post-free, 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

OSCAR Wilde. Can anyone lend or sell me Sewell Stokes' (or any other) play about Wilde? Box 4677.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

BOOKS. Write for interesting list of secondhand bargains on Painting, Sculpture, etc. Rialto Books, 65 Broadwick St, London, W1.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principal: E. C. Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

STEINER Schools Fellowship. Education for children from Nursery Class to University entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers etc., obtainable from Secretary, Wynstones School, Whaddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education, especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA

PROPERTY TO LET

COTTAGE being modernised available September. Rent-free in return some gardening and caretaking; small and secluded, formerly part of Longleat Estate, Wilts. Particularly suitable retired couple fond of country life. Box 4674.

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd. High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., foreign 2½d., Canada 1d.